THE

LADIES'

MONTHLY MUSEUM.

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THE WHITE WITCH OF SOIGNIES.

All the roads leading to the famous city of Brussels were thronged with passengers, hastening to the Michaelmas fair which was held in the year 1567. Traders and farmers, with loaded vehicles of every description and size, were streaming onwards; and groups of gayer visiters on foot and on horseback, mingled with them, pursued the same route. The times were more tranquil than they had been for some time past. The recall of the Duke of Alba to Spain had revived the hopes of the wretched Flemings, who had for years endured his iron yoke, until their energies had been wholly subdued, and they had ceased to labour, because the fruits of their labour were seized by their rapacious task-masters. Now, however, fairer prospects seemed to dawn upon them. The departure of the tyrant had driven away the despair which had almost overwhelmed them; and although a very few months had elapsed, the industry and commercial spirit of the people had begun to revive. The Michaelmas fair, which had been almost deserted, gave promise of exhibiting its former prosperity, and the great influx of merchants and visiters now upon the road seemed to fulfil that promise.

Among the many persons journeying to Brussels, two in particular claim the attention of the readers of this history. They were well mounted and armed, but dressed in the coarse ordinary garb of German horse-dealers; and their occupation was further indubitably manifested, by each of them leading a horse by a halter. At the fair there could be no doubt that they would gain good prices for commodities so rare and so valuable.

One of the riders was a stout, well-built man, of about forty years old. His features, handsome and prepossessing, had that frank and fearless air which experience and a knowledge of the world, gained by being an actor in its busiest scenes, usually confer. He looked too honest for a horse-dealer, and, but for his dress and the other indications which plainly pointed out his calling, a casual observer would have pronounced him to be of a superior class.

The other traveller was much younger, and had not yet seen more than five-and-twenty summers. He was tall, well-knit, and graceful in his demeanour. Coarse as was his garb, yet there was, in its arrangement, an obvious attempt to triumph over the disadvantages which belonged to it, and by the manner in which his cap was cocked, you might swear the young fellow knew he was worth looking at. At the fair to which he was hastening, there could be no doubt that he would be as much admired by the Flemish lasses, as his horses would be by the connoisseurs of the other sex.

The steeds which they rode and led were such animals as, for blood and figure, were not often to be met with; of true Spanish breed, and full of that Arabian fire, which, at the period here spoken of, had so great an influence upon the men, as well as the horses of Spain. They were such as would have made fit presents for a king. The rarity and value of their cattle might have accounted for the superior appearance of our dealers; but a conversation which took place between them will explain it in a more satisfactory manner.

"Yonder," said the elder traveller, "are the towers of Brussels, and there, for the present, our journeying must end. Now, for the last time, good comrade, let me remind thee, that thou art a horse-dealer and a German. Let no word of Spanish, and as little Flemish as may be, pass thy lips. Forget all notions of gentility and chivalry; sit loosely on thy horse, and as like a serving-man as may be. Leave that military straightness of port, and forget that thou hast ever ridden at the head of thy troop."

"Thank Heaven that we are about to reach Brussels," said the younger, "for then, at least, most reverend Gaspar, I shall be relieved from thy counsels. By night and by day, sleeping and waking, full and fasting, drunk and sober, hast thou dinned into my ears the sage precepts which thou thinkest necessary to guide

my conduct, until I know each of them as well, or better (God forgive me) than my prayers."

"And upon a most ungrateful pair of ears have I bestowed all my good advice, since this is the return I get for it," replied Gaspar.

"Thou dost injustice to thyself, most sage counsellor, if thou deem'st that I regard not thy precepts, and thou dost me no less wrong, if thou deem'st that I do not intend to obey them."

"Marry, Albrecht, thou hadst better, unless thou hast a mind to feel a hempen collar about thy neck, for that will inevitably be the fate of both of us, if we should be discovered."

"And as I have no taste for hanging, Gaspar, thou may'st believe that I mean not willingly to put myself in danger of it. Believe me, old friend, that I do not undervalue thy counsel, but, by being so often repeated, it falls a little dully upon mine ear.'

There was no exaggeration in honest Gaspar's speech. If their errand had been discovered, their death was certain. The noblemen and gentlemen of the Low Countries had resolved to make an attempt to throw off the domination of the Spaniards. This had been determined in a numerous assembly, where they had sworn to support the cause of their country's freedom, though it should reduce them to the most abject poverty; for confiscation of all their property was what they must have expected, at the least, if their design should be discovered. In the fervour of the moment, one of the chiefs proposed that they should pledge a toast, expressing their devotion to the cause, "*jusqu' à la besace*," or, "to the beggar's scrip," in allusion to the ruin which they were likely to encounter in accomplishing their object. They thence adopted the name of beggars; their device was a scrip or dole-wallet, and many of their party signals consisted of allusions to the habits and practices of beggars. Albrecht von Engelbart was the son of a nobleman, who had lost his life and fortune in the earlier part of the struggle, which ended in the total subjection of his country. Albrecht, who, at his father's death, was a mere infant, had been sent into Spain, where he had been educated, and, by the aid of some of his father's friends, had been admitted into the Spanish army. He had shown himself the worthy child of a race, who had long been distinguished for gallantry and prowess. On his return to the Low Countries, he had been initiated into the fraternity of "The Beggars," and had sworn to devote all his powers to revenging his father's death,

and freeing his country. The times were favourable for a revolt; all preparations had been made for its taking place at Brussels, at the Michaelmas fair. Albrecht, and Gaspar his old military instructor, and a firm friend of his father's, had agreed to be there, to aid the revolt. They had chosen the dress of horse-dealers, not only as a disguise, but because it enabled them to introduce into the city, without suspicion, two excellent chargers, belonging to the Count Berg, who was in person to head the revolt, and who was, like themselves, to come into the city in disguise.

By the time that this discourse had reached the point at which we left it, our travellers were near the gate by which they were to enter the city of Brussels. As their appearance was not calculated to excite any suspicion, they passed the guard unquestioned, and rode to a hotel in the great market place, where, having bestowed their steeds safely, they repaired to the common room of the inn for the purpose of supping.

This place was so crowded that it was with difficulty they found a seat, and when they did so, they were compelled to take up with a place at a table where sate a company who appeared to be little better than mendicants.

If it be true that "misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows," it is no less true that hunger makes folks but little fastidious in their choice of companions. Our travellers sate down to their repast, and were so much occupied with it that they paid little attention to the conversation which was passing around them, or to the persons by whom it was carried on. Their appetites being satisfied, they had leisure to listen, and the younger traveller became very much interested in a discussion which was carried on with some warmth respecting a popular tradition that prevailed in the neighbourhood of Brussels, and to consider the appearance of the persons amongst whom chance had thrown him.

An old man, of very venerable appearance, accompanied by a young girl whose complexion announced her to belong to one of those vagrant tribes which, under the name of Bohemians, or gipsies, were then, and are still, scattered over Europe, were sitting at the end of the table. The patched doublet and capacious scrip of the old man, showed him plainly to be a common beggar. The young woman was little better; but all the disadvantages of very coarse attire were not able to conceal her rare beauty, to which her brilliant and expressive eyes added a power which was almost irresistible. The only other person engaged in the discourse, was

a tall man of sinister aspect, who wore a patch over one of his eyes, and whose countenance had a mingled expression of cunning and audacity, which rendered him as disagreeable looking a ruffian as can be imagined. They were talking over the story of the White Witch of Soignies, which the old man insisted was as true as that the Duke of Alba was the governor of Spain, and the other man ridiculed as an old woman's fable. Albrecht's curiosity was excited, and he begged to know what the story was about.

"Whence come you, my son," said the old man, turning to him, "that you do not know the legend of the White Witch of Soignies?" and then, without waiting to be answered, he went on. "In other times, and many years before this country owned its present masters, the broad barony of Soignies, extending over many a league, and taking both tower and town within its verge, was the property of the lords of Engelbart. (Albrecht's curiosity was now more strongly excited than ever. He knew nothing of the history of his family but the fate of his father, and he listened eagerly to the old man's story.) Rodolph von Engelbart was the flower of the chivalry of his day, and happier than all his peers in the possession of the most beautiful and virtuous lady in the land as his wife. One thing alone troubled their felicity. The baron, who was an excellent man in other respects, had, either by constitution, or from a want of control, a habit of indulging in very violent transports of passion. When these excesses were upon him he gave vent to the most unseemly and irreverent language, which shocked and distressed his amiable wife beyond measure. She frequently remonstrated with him, and, when the fit was over, he would express the greatest contrition for his fault, and make the most fervent vows that he would never so offend again; but when any thing happened again to awake the tempest of his ire, he was as fierce and as ungovernable in his language as ever. His wife was seized with a sudden distemper, which proved rapidly fatal, and in a few days he was left alone in a world which had lost to him its only charm. He threw himself beside the cold corpse of his wife, and wept with an agony that seemed too violent for existence. At length he was forced violently from the chamber of death, the preparations were made for the funeral, and the baroness was interred with the solemnities that befitted her high rank.

"With that prostration of soul which often accompanies deep grief, the baron repaired to the chapel of his castle, on the even-

ing after the funeral, and, kneeling before the high altar, he humbly and ardently besought forgiveness from heaven, and, in the desperation of the moment, prayed either for death upon himself, or that his wife might be restored to him. A low sound of music appeared to pass near him. He rose, and approached the small postern of the chapel which led to the garden, and by which he had entered. Immediately opposite was the chamber in which his wife had been used to sit. The long window, which opened on the lawn, was widely unclosed. The music again stole over his senses. It was the lute of his wife!—It was the very air she had played to him so often! He thought he dreamed—he rushed towards the chamber, and to his unspeakable astonishment beheld her sitting there in her familiar position, and more beautiful than he had ever seen her. In a moment he clasped her in his arms, and found her warm and breathing. As soon as he could command himself so as to utter any coherent expressions, he begged her to explain to him by what means she had been so suddenly restored to existence. She looked at him gravely, and begged him to ask her no such questions. 'Heaven has restored me to you for the purpose of correcting that sin in which you have hitherto indulged. If you love me, you will never again give way to passion, or to intemperate language. I am your's upon this condition alone, and the moment that you so offend will be the last of my existence.' It were long to tell all the vows and oaths the baron made to his new found wife in the transports of his gratitude. The event wrought a visible change in him; the impression which it had made upon his mind was so deep and lasting, that he from that moment kept a powerful control over himself, and was never heard to utter an intemperate word. For years their happiness remained undisturbed. Several children blessed their re-union. One day the baron's favourite stag-hound returned home grievously wounded. Some unlucky hunter had stricken the dog with a quarrell. The baron was so vexed that he forgot his oaths, and vented a torrent of imprecations against the hand by which his dog had been crippled. A low moan from his wife arrested his attention; she was gazing at him with an expression of grief which suddenly calmed his rage. He approached, and to his surprise and horror, her form seemed to melt in his embrace, and she vanished into air. The children she had borne since her reappearance disappeared at the moment, and the baron saw then that it was the phantom of his wife, and not herself, that he had been living with. He survived this event but a short time, and

ever since that period the wood of Soignies has been haunted, at particular times, by a female figure, which appears dressed in white, bearing a wand in her hand. She is seldom seen but when some important event is going to befal some of the descendants of the house of Engelbart. It is said that she will reply to any of that blood when accosted by them; that she will disclose to them the secrets of their destiny, but that to all others she is silent. The people in the neighbourhood, many of whom have seen her, call her 'the White Witch of Soignies.'"

The old man's tale being finished, Albrecht asked him eagerly where his phantom was to be seen.

"In the wood of Soignies, at that part which reaches to the lake of Laroux. At least that is the spot in which she has been the oftenest seen."

Albrecht remained for some time in deep thought. He felt a great desire to visit the place which had been spoken of, and to see, if he might, the phantom shape that could inform him of his future destiny. He was roused from his reverie by the approach of the man who had been in conversation with the old beggar.

"May I ask, comrade," said he, with an air of familiarity, "what brings you hither?"

Albrecht was about to tell him that he thought him an impudent rogue, when Gaspar, who saw the storm rising, prevented it by replying that they were horse-dealers, and came in hope of finding a purchaser for two thorough-bred horses.

"You come to a bad market," said the fellow, "for all the nobles in this country are beggars."

Our travellers both looked at him earnestly. Any allusion to beggars was well known among them to be a sign of fellowship, and they were convinced that they had guessed rightly in supposing him to be one of their party, when he made the secret signal by which they announced themselves to each other. They immediately entered into a low conversation, in the course of which the stranger informed them that he was a retainer of the Count Berg's; that his master would not be in the city until the next day but one; that the rising would not take place until then, and that in the meantime they must be cautious, and by no means leave the city.

Albrecht, who had felt a prepossession in favour of the old mendicant, whose venerable appearance and imposing manners seemed to imply that he had not always been as low in fortune as he now seemed to be, asked the stranger if he was of their fraternity.

He replied, he thought not, but immediately tried the old man with the signal. He made no reply, and they were therefore convinced that he was a real beggar, and not one for merely political purposes. The old man rose to depart, and the beautiful girl who had been sitting beside him gave him her arm. Albrecht, seeing he walked with difficulty, offered his assistance. The old man thanked him, and as they drew near the door, grasping the youth's arm with a force and energy which by no means corresponded with his tottering gait, he whispered in his ear, "Son of Engelbart, if you would see the White Woman of Soignies, repair to-morrow betimes to the lake of Laroux; cross the lake, and to you she will be visible. But say not a word of your intentions to any but Gaspar, and beware of your new acquaintance. There is danger in him. We shall meet again. Now begone." They were by this time at the door of the room, and the old man shaking off Albrecht at the same time that he warmly pressed his hand, disappeared with the young gipsy.

Albrecht returned to Gaspar, whom he found in discourse with the stranger. He thought he had never seen a more vicious expression than this fellow's features presented, and he was convinced the old man's caution was a useful one. Under the pretence of fatigue he persuaded Gaspar to retire, and as soon as they were alone, he told him of the determination he had formed to visit the lake of Laroux. Gaspar tried to dissuade him, but finding that it was in vain, he resolved to accompany him. He was satisfied that the rising was not to take place till the day following the next, and as he was afraid that Albrecht's impetuosity might break out, he was not perhaps sorry to get him out of the crowded city.

As soon as the sun was up on the following morning, Albrecht roused his companion, and saddling their horses, they set off towards the wood of Soignies. Half an hour's riding brought them to the spot which had been indicated to them by the old man. The lake here formed a small bay, at the end of which stood a cottage, inhabited by an old man, who derived his subsistence by fishing in the lake. They easily induced him to take charge of their horses, and to lend them his boat, for the purpose of making an excursion on the lake, and of viewing the scenery on the opposite shore. They entered the boat; and having pulled into the middle of the lake, they saw very plainly, at the most remote point of the opposite shore, a small white cross, which surmounted the chapel or hermitage of which

they had heard. With an energy which his strong curiosity had excited, Albrecht directed the boat to that point; and Gaspar, with less curiosity, but not with less good will, seconded his exertions. They soon made the chapel; and running the boat into a small creek which was beside it, Albrecht looked about him with that kind of incredulous, but uncertain feeling, which scorns to believe what the heart devoutly wishes may be true. He stood up in the boat, listening and looking intently around. Not a sound fell upon his ear but the murmur of the ripples, which the soft wind roused upon the bosom of the placid lake, as they gently touched the pebbly shore; no sight met his anxious eye but a flitting bird, which occasionally darted out from the thick wood, and flew rapidly from one tall tree to another. He began to think, that he should have nothing but his labour for his pains, and the sarcasms of Gaspar on their road to Brussels, when he fancied he heard a sound like that of low music. He listened, almost breathless—he could not be mistaken; it increased—and now he heard distinctly a melody as wild and as beautiful as that which the night-wind makes when it dies upon the chords of a neglected harp. Even Gaspar heard it; for, without rising from his seat in the boat, he inclined his head towards the water to catch it. It became louder, and approached nearer. Albrecht was about to speak; when, at a short distance, through the trees, he saw a light vapoury form, which, by degrees, became more distinct. It assumed a positive shape; and he saw, visibly and plainly before him, exactly such a figure as had been described to him. A female form of delicate and beautiful proportions, clad in white, with dark hair hanging down her shoulders, and having a wreath of flowers on her head, stood looking towards him. She glided on, as if she trod not upon the earth, and beckoned him with a wand, which she held, as if inviting him to follow her. Without uttering a word, and before Gaspar was aware of his intention, he leapt ashore, and, darting through the thicket, pursued the form, which fled rapidly from him. Gaspar did not venture to leave the boat, until he had devised some means of fastening it to the shore; and by the time he had accomplished this, Albrecht was out of sight. To follow him was in vain, for his companion had not been able to tell exactly at what point he had disappeared; there was no path through the thicket—he called as loud as he could, until the wood re-echoed with Albrecht's name; but it was from the echo alone that he obtained a reply. In utter despair, after climbing the tallest

trees he could see, he sat down by the shore to vent his anger, by blaming his companion and himself, in the most eloquent vein that his vexation could suggest.

For the first half hour this was well enough; but after that he got tired, and more than ever anxious. The time at which they ought to be at Brussels was drawing nigh. His honour and Albrecht's were pledged to their being in the city. To fail in performing this engagement was a thought he could not brook; to go alone, and to leave his friend to dangers, which seemed the greater because he could not define them, was as disagreeable an alternative. He determined, at length, to make one more effort to seek him, and if that should fail, to hasten across the lake, and thence to Brussels, where he would supply Albrecht's absence as well as he might. At the same time, in order to secure his friend's retreat, he had resolved to despatch the waterman back with the boat, to await the youth's return. Full of this determination, he penetrated the thicket by which, as nearly as he could recollect, Albrecht might have gone; but, although he struggled manfully, and received with indifference many a blow on the face and shoulders from the thick underwood which abounded, his labour was in vain. He could find neither track nor path; and after a fruitless struggle, he returned to the shore, to put the other part of his resolution into effect. His boat was moored fast where he had left it, but to his consternation he found that the oars and sail had been taken away during his short absence. He looked about; but the more he looked, the more he thought—the more he was lost in amazement. The means of proceeding were taken wholly away from him, and he could not imagine how. To go by land was impossible. He did not know the road; if he had, it was so far about, that he could not hope to reach Brussels by the morning. He was getting monstrously hungry, without the most remote chance of satisfying his appetite; and, in short, he began to feel himself in the situation of a man who is perfectly miserable, without the possibility of helping himself. This conviction, when, after much swearing, and stamping, and passion, he did arrive at it, brought him some consolation. He saw it was in vain to struggle, and he therefore made up his mind to endure, as well as he might, the evils he could not remove.

We must, however, leave him to follow Albrecht in his pursuit of the white phantom. With expectations raised to the utmost pitch, he made his way through the tangled recesses of the wood, ever keeping in view, but never being able to reach, the extraor-

dinary being who, by her looks and gestures, clearly invited him to follow her. He had done so in breathless anxiety for some minutes, when a turning in the path brought him in the front of a large mass of rock, in the centre of which was a rude opening, which served for a doorway. Here the witch entered, and stood, for a moment, beckoning him. Within all seemed dark, but a faint light, at a considerable distance, which glimmered like an evening star. He saw the white figure gliding before him, and heard the rustling of female drapery after he had ceased clearly to distinguish her form. Still he passed on, resolved to discover, if possible, the meaning of this mysterious visitant. The light became more visible as he approached it, and he saw, at length, that it proceeded from a fir-tree torch, stuck against the wall. The figure was before him—within a few paces of him. He sprang forward, and at the very moment that he thought the floating robe was within his grasp, the witch disappeared from his sight, as if she had entered the solid rock which barred his further passage. He looked around him in amazement. He was in a sort of chamber practiced in the rock, but he could discover no outlet, save the passage by which he had entered. While he was pondering on this singular event, the same wild strain which he had before heard struck upon his ear, and a voice which seemed to be close to him gently said, "Son of Engelbart, your destinies are about to be opened to you. The descendant of a glorious line is called to deeds worthy of the race he is descended from." At the same moment the fire-torch was dashed to the ground, and all was left in utter darkness; but before Albrecht had time to recover from his surprise, a noise was heard like a turning of heavy wheels, and, looking towards the spot whence the sound proceeded, he saw a stream of light, which in the next moment he discovered to proceed from an opening in the rock, which gradually enlarged, until it was wide enough to admit the passage of a man's body. "Enter, without doubt or fear," cried a sonorous and manly voice. Albrecht obeyed, and the moment he had cleared the passage, the fragment of rock fell back to its place with a noise which echoed through the vaults like thunder.

Albrecht now found himself in the presence of the company of "The Beggars." At their head was the Count Brederode, and around the vaulted chamber was arranged the robes and implements of their assumed occupation. "The enterprise," said the count, "in which you were engaged at Brussels has failed. The villain whom you talked with at the inn last night was

a spy of the Duke of Alba's, and his object was to detain you and others there, that he might ensure your destruction. My plan was to get you out of the city; persuasions, I thought, would not succeed so well as the scheme I have had recourse to; and when you know that I am the same decrepid seeming old man, who related to you the fabulous legend of the White Lady of Soignies, you will know all the secret. I need not tell you now, that you have been so far deluded; but it is fit you should know, that by means of the White Witch, and the fears she has spread among the people of this neighbourhood, we have been enabled to secure this retreat, when we have been hunted from our own halls by the tyrant whose iron rod rules our country.

When the count had finished, he rose, and embraced Albrecht, who became anxious about Gaspar. "He has been provided for," said the count: "he is nearer than he or you imagine. He made a signal to one of the younger warriors, who disappeared, and in about two minutes returned with Gaspar blindfolded. Short explanation sufficed for him; and when he heard that a general massacre of all who were suspected of being disaffected, was to have taken place at Brussels, he was extremely grateful to the confederates and to the White Witch for having rescued him.

One part of the tale, not the least interesting, remains to be told,—but our limits warn us it must be told concisely. The White Witch was, as some of our readers have guessed, the identical gipsy, the old beggar's attendant, and both characters were equally foreign from her own. She was the courageous and enterprising daughter of Brederode, one of the most gallant and single-minded men that ever drew his sword for the holy cause of freedom. The affection of his daughter Marguerite for him induced her to share his perils: her presence of mind and intrepidity had rescued him from many of them. Albrecht remained in the cavern long enough to know her rare virtues, and to be captivated by her singular beauty. The fair days were at hand. The insurrection of the Prince of Orange was eminently successful, and the feats of the Baron von Engelbart contributed in no small degree to that success. Peace again visited a land from which she had been long an exile. Engelbart was restored to his barony and its demesnes: need we say to the intelligent reader with whom he shared them? For many years in happiness and content did Albrecht and Marguerite live in the halls of his ancestors, and his bride bore to the day of her death the appropriate cognomen of the *White Witch of Soignies.*

ZEMBA.

Wilt thou tempt the wave with me?

On one of those bright and sultry noons, almost diurnally experienced during the summer season in the West Indies, when the bright, scorching sun floats in glorious and unclouded majesty through the blue ethereal expanse of the heavens, maturing the sweet cane, the luscious pine, the fragrant orange, the mango, and all the various fruits and spices wherewith nature hath, with a lavish and unsparing hand, sown those productive Islands, a merry company, consisting of twelve or fourteen ladies and gentlemen, were regaling themselves in the agreeable shade of a naturally formed bower, on the border of a small river which branched from the main sea. Choice wines and liquors in flasks; and abundance of fruits, with wet and dry preserves were temptingly displayed in wicker baskets, upon the refreshing green turf which had been sheltered from the ardent rays of the sun by the intervention of the thick embowering trees.

Several flutes, and a Spanish guitar or two, were laying beside those who had been waking the echoes of the place to their dulcet music.

Black slaves, both male and female, were lolling listlessly about, at a few paces distant from the principal group; and, indeed, every appearance indicated the respectability and opulence of the party.

There was, however, one among them, who appeared to be the magnet, towards whom all hearts and eyes were directed in undivided admiration. It was the fair Emily Woodville, the only daughter of an opulent planter. Her features were mild, placid, and expressive; her eyes of that bright sparkling black, which, to gaze upon, makes the heart joyful, and with which her dark raven locks agreeably accorded. Beautiful as was her countenance, the perfect symmetry of her light form, if possible, surpassed it. In her attire there was that unstudied and chaste simplicity that made her appear, in comparison with her more costly habited companions, like a blanch and modest lily in the midst of a bouquet of roses. Gay and happy herself, she saw the joy of her own guileless and innocent heart reflected in the smiling

regards of all her friends. Beside her sat Augustus Morton, the fond and affectionate lover of her heart's unbiassed election, sanctioned by her indulgent parent who only enjoyed life in her happiness. And in every respect, as well in point of fortune, as in mind, person, and accomplishments, young Morton well merited his intended partner.

He had just been accompanying Emily's voice and guitar with his melodious flute, and they were receiving the plaudits due to their brilliant execution, when a slave ran to inform them that a boat was coming down the river, and making towards the spot where they were so delightfully regaling themselves.

Morton, as master of the feast, immediately arose, and hastened to the bank, when, just emerging from behind a small island which arose in the midst of the river, he observed it fast approaching. A gentleman was standing up among the rowers, and pointing eagerly to the spot where Morton stood, and ere they touched the land, the delighted youth recognized, with a shout of exultation, his old schoolfellow and intimate friend, Charles Villars.

The boat soon neared—Villars sprung eagerly forward, and received his welcome in the arms of the ardent Morton, and leading him to his party, who had all risen to receive him, the young Englishman was greeted with smiles and the most friendly and hospitable attentions from every individual. He had (he informed Morton) come over in a vessel of his own, to freight her with a cargo of the produce of the island, for the English market; and finding, upon his arrival, that his friend was gone for a day's jaunt up the river, he immediately manned a boat and set forth in quest of him, resolved to lose no time in embracing his valued friend.

Naturally fascinating in his manners, and polished by mingling in the best society, Villars, now extraordinarily elated by the contagious gaiety of the company, and the pleasure of encountering his schoolfellow after the lapse of three or four years, shone forth with all the brilliancy that sparkling wit and humour, combined with all the exterior elegancies of a well-bred man, could furnish, and his novel and lively conversation added considerably to the joyousness of the feast.

Morton remarked, with inward pride and a feeling of indescribable gratification, that his beloved Emily particularly attracted the eyes of his friend. It was flattering to his taste, he thought,

to have it approved so undeniably by Villars' silent admiration, and he longed for an opportunity to communicate his felicity to him—to catch his exclamation of surprise, and receive his warm congratulation upon his good fortune. The hours passed fleetly away on the gossamer wings of light-hearted mirth and laughing gaiety, and the declining day warned the party to retire.

They were about six miles from Green-Hill Pleasaunce, the residence of Morton, whither they were soon conveyed in four gaily painted pleasure boats, rowed by eight sturdy negroes, and accompanied by Charles Villars, who accepted with alacrity the friendly and pressing invitation of Morton to remain at the Pleasaunce during his stay at the island. And what rendered this charming retreat still more agreeable was that Emily and her father, as well as the rest of the company to whom he had been introduced, intended to pass several days there.

It was in the course of a morning's social ride that Morton confided to his friend the happiness which he enjoyed, in the love of the charming Emily, and the future felicity he anticipated in making her his own—when, awaiting the expected sympathy of Villars' friendship, he was grievously chagrined at the strange and inexplicable silence which he maintained—certainly only for a few short moments; but in the hasty computation of the ardent lover they appeared hours—and turning his eyes towards him, he was shocked on observing the pallid hue which overspread the handsome and usually florid features of his friend, his trembling hand too was raised, and clasped his throbbing brow.

Morton's disappointment was in a moment changed to apprehension, and, reining up his horse, he caught Villars' arm, and anxiously demanded what fearful indisposition had so suddenly seized upon him.

"A—a— mere qualm—a slight giddiness," replied Villars; but exerting himself in vain to appear calm and tranquil. "I am better—much better. Your climate, Morton, is not very agreeable to my constitution;—but—indeed I am better!"

"I would that your looks would bear out your assertion," said Morton with evident concern; "but let us ride gently homewards." Villars yielded without resistance to his proposition; and for several days subsequently he never wandered beyond the precincts of the Pleasaunce; while Morton paid him every attention that a heart so amiable as his could prompt, and when business sometimes obliged Morton to be absent in the course of

the day, it became the proud office of his beloved Emily to accompany the valued friend of her dear Augustus in his rambles; and nothing could possibly exceed the winning tenderness wherewith she strove to cheer the dull melancholy which weighed upon the once gay and buoyant spirits of the invalid.

But, alas! the heart of Villars could not justly appreciate that kindness which shone so warmly upon him through the medium of friendship. From the first moment he beheld the fascinating Emily, he loved her with a passion the most ardent and unconquerable; and when the ingenuous Morton imparted to him the interest he possessed in her affections, he blasted at one breath all the bright hopes that had budded in his breast beneath the genial influence of her smiles. This was the whole source and mystery of his present malady; and while the unsuspicious Morton was indefatigably employed in the management of Villars' concerns, that supposed friend was endeavouring, by every art, to undermine Emily's affection; and drinking deep draughts of that sweet poison which had already embittered his happiness, and which, in the first instance, he could easily have remedied by a prompt and resolute absence from the object who had, unfortunately, inspired him with sentiments not less inimical to the peace of Morton, than his own. But, no: some irresistible power seemed still to draw him on farther and farther into the labyrinth wherein his inconsiderate passion had first led him. And on one occasion, presuming upon the confidence and esteem which Emily entertained for him, he dared obliquely to insinuate that she alone could cure his malady; and finally ventured to make her an equivocal offer of his hand and fortune.

Emily was thunderstruck at his presumption, and frowned with indignation upon the man who dared thus boldly and unblushingly attempt to violate the laws of hospitality, and take undue advantage of the confidence which his too generous friend had reposed in him.

But he quickly arrested her rebuke, by cunningly pretending that it was very far from his intention to give her offence—that he valued her above the rest of her sex, in the same proportion as she was loved by Morton, whose happiness was dearer to him than his own; that if he had expressed himself too warmly, she must attach the whole blame of his imprudence to the flattering friendship wherewith she had honoured him.

Emily was too innocent herself to entertain suspicion of

others; at the same time she had penetration enough to discover the real character of Villars, through the flimsy veil in which his cunning in vain endeavoured to conceal the true deformity of his mind. His confession had at once unmasked his designs, and brought to mind many trifling incidents of the past, which at the moment were unheeded, but now forcibly recurred to confirm her her opinion.

The first impulse of her offended feelings urged her to make Morton immediately acquainted with the perfidy of the friend he had so warmly cherished. But upon more mature reflection, the probable consequences of such a disclosure occurred to her sensitive mind, and she resolved to defer it until Villars should be far beyond the reach of Morton's anger.

In two days it was proposed that he should sail; and during the whole course of her life Emily never experienced hours so replete with trouble and anxiety. She had continually to listen, with the semblance of sympathy too, to the expression of her lover's regret at losing his friend, while her innocent heart momentarily upbraided her for concealing from him how little Villars merited his consideration. At last the wished-for hour arrived, and the elegant, but heartless and insidious Villars embarked, amid the cheers and good wishes of all who had felt the magic influence of his fascinating manners. It was on the evening of the same day, that Emily, accompanied only by Zemba (a negro slave who had attended upon her from her earliest infancy), was strolling in the rich and extensive grounds of the Pleasaunce, of which she was so soon destined to become the mistress —when, having penetrated far into the mazes of a luxuriant shrubbery, situate a considerable distance from the mansion, a sudden rustling among the bushes caused her to turn; and she beheld with horror four men armed with fusees, and cutlasses by their sides, coming upon them. Whatever their purpose, and it was doubtless hostile, to fly was impossible; and to resist vain and useless. The ready hand of Zemba, which had at the first moment grasped the long knife which was concealed in the breast of his garment, was hastily withdrawn, and he stood inert and speechless beside his terrified mistress; and when they bade him surrender, to the utter amazement of Emily, he unhesitatingly replied, "That one master was as good as another to him. He was a slave, and if they would free him he would serve them in gratitude." It appeared evident from this declaration that Zemba

was not wholly unconcerned in, or unacquainted with these ruffians, who, slightly binding the strong and muscular arms of the negro, and taking the fainting Emily in their arms, bore her speedily to the beach, from whence they conveyed them, as fast as four oars could waft them, to a ship which lay at anchor about a mile distant from the island. The mystery was but too soon developed, by the appearance of Charles Villars. The man whom she most abhorred, and in whom her duped lover had reposed the most unbounded confidence, was the author of her abduction. She poured forth her indignant feelings in the severest language; by turns she intreated and threatened him, but without avail; the depraved Villars vowed she should remain a prisoner in his ship until she consented to appear in the world as his wife; his determination was fixed and irrevocable; and he abruptly left her to her own reflections. Every hope of succour was gone; Zemba, who could alone have aided, had deserted her. She heard his voice rising even above those of the mariners, singing and laughing in a drunken and boisterous manner. Two long and dreary hours passed, and silence gradually spread throughout the ship; but this death-like stillness appeared even more painful to her agitated mind than the noisy clamour which had preceded it. And with her eyes intently fixed upon the door of the little cabin where she was confined, she sat weeping and praying, when presently she thought she observed the door move. Scarcely breathing, she sat as motionless, and almost as cold, as a marble statue. It opened, and the dark visage of Zemba peered in. His finger was upon his lips, and his large white eyes rolled suspiciously about as he glided cautiously in and closed the door. "Zemba," said Emily, "you have betrayed me. Dare you approach me."

"I dare," whispered Zemba, looking suspiciously about him: "I have deceived—but not betrayed you. What could I do? If I had resisted, the men would have shot me. Cunning was better than courage. I have deceived them. They are all drunk, and asleep. They left me on the floor; but I was neither drunk nor merry. My heart was sad in their mirth, and my thoughts were all how to assist my dear and honoured mistress."

"Thank heaven!" ejaculated Emily, "'tis a beam of joy in the darkness of my misery, to know there is one faithful heart near me."

"One that will die for you, if need be," said Zemba.

"And what do you propose?" said Emily. "Is there any means whereby we can escape from the clutches of this villain?"

"I have thought of every thing—nothing will do," said Zemba; then, musing for a moment, he added, "There is only one way—it is hazardous, and requires courage."

"Oh! I can do anything to avoid the present horror that hangs over me. Speak, Zemba; say, what is it?"

"Villars, and all but one who patrols the deck, are fast in their hammocks. If I can secure that one man; and if you will fearlessly trust yourself with me, I will plunge into the sea, and swim with you to land!"

"Impossible!"

"I can, I will do it," said the noble Zemba; "God has given me strength, and he will not desert me in this time of need, in such a cause. Will you venture?—say you will, dear lady, and make my heart light."

"I will! I will!" said Emily, almost overcome by the overflowing feelings of her grateful heart.

Zemba spoke no more; but, bowing, shrunk cautiously out of the cabin again. A few moments of horrible suspense elapsed, and Emily distinctly heard the footsteps of Zemba, parading the deck in company with the watch; her heart fluttered. Presently there was a slight scuffle—a falling—a groan—succeeded by a splash as of something cast into the sea. She trembled fearfully; but ere terror had power to overcome her, Zemba re-appeared, and hurriedly putting his arms about her slender waist, he bore her fragile form with apparent ease to the deck. Bidding her grasp him firmly round the neck, by the aid of a rope he slipped down the side of the vessel, and plunged manfully into the sea. With a bold and vigorous arm he cut slowly but steadily upon his way. Emily was at first alarmed; but the danger she was flying appeared of so much greater magnitude than the one she now encountered, that she grew comparatively composed, as the gallant Zemba approached nearer to the land. They were now within a hundred yards of the shore. The generous heart of Zemba beat high, and he struck forth with renewed strength.

"We are safe!" cried he, exultingly; but, like the echo of his own voice, he heard at that instant the splashing of oars plied with alarming speed. He breathed not his fears to Emily; but exerting every muscle, he dashed forward, and gained the shore! Scarcely, however, had he raised Emily upon her feet,

when a shot, fired from the party in the boat, which was now but too evidently in pursuit of the fugitives, struck Zemba in the breast.

"Fly, fly," cried he faintly; "Oh! fly, Zemba is happy!" and the noble, ill-fated slave fell dead at her feet. But Villars and his crew had already landed, and were making towards her, when a body of armed men, alarmed by the report of fire-arms, came rushing towards the beach. It was the distracted Morton and his friends, who had been searching far and wide for his lost Emily. The guilty Villars endeavoured to make good his retreat; but a shot from Morton's party carried with it a more honourable death than his crime deserved.

Emily, although thus happily restored to the arms of her lover (who soon afterwards bore a dearer name), and the pleasing society of her friends, was a long time before she recovered from the effects of the severe shock her spirits had experienced; and, even after the lapse of many years, the tears would gush from her lovely eyes, when she thought of the magnanimity and untimely fate of the faithful Zemba.

PLAYING CARDS.

It is generally believed, that cards were invented for the amusement of one of the early kings of the line of Bourbon; but this belief is erroneous. Who the man was that invented these instruments of amusement and folly is not known, neither can we tell in what age they were invented. Our knowledge is limited to the country whence they come, viz. Egypt. The colours are two, red and black, which answer to the equinox. The suits are four, answering to the four seasons. Their emblems formerly were, and still are in Spain:—for the heart, a cup, the emblem of winter—the spade, an acorn, the emblem of autumn—a club, the trefoil, the emblem of summer—the diamond, a rose, the emblem of spring. The twelve court cards answer to the twelve months, and were formerly depicted as the signs of the zodiac. The fifty-two cards answer to the fifty-two weeks in the year. The thirteen cards in each suite to the number of weeks in a lunar quarter. The aggregate of the pips amounts to the number of days in the year.

ALPINE SKETCHES;

OR, THE HUNTER'S GLEN.

(*Concluded from page 22.*)

ANNETTE's acquaintance with the ways of the world were necessarily limited to the remembrance of what had passed during her early years; which, indeed, was of so sad a complexion, that she shrunk with terror from further intercourse with it. A periodical journey with her father to the town, which was distant about three leagues from them, where they went to sell the yarn which Antoinette spun during the winter evenings, and the herb-cheese and the produce of her dairy, and to purchase with the proceeds wearing apparel and such articles of household consumption as were requisite. A casual visit from the old hunters, whom accident led to their cottage—or a call from the herdsmen of the distant hills, in search of their stray cattle—was all Antoinette's acquaintance with the great world; nor did she desire to see more of it, for her natural timidity made her turn away from the rude gaze of strangers, whose bold looks ill suited her retired and secluded habits. She loved the solitude of her beloved home, which was far more congenial to her taste than the gaiety she witnessed on her short visits to the populous town.

Early acquaintance with sorrow, and utter seclusion from the haunts of men, had given a pensive cast to the character of Annette; she loved to wander among the mountains—to cull the deep blue violets in the valleys, or the water lilies on the banks of the streams—to watch the stealthy labour of the soft-coated marmot, hollowing its subterraneous dwelling in the rocks; or the lively gambols of the squirrel, swinging its light form among the drooping boughs of the birch or beech tree; or to listen to the deep murmuring of the hoarse cataract, flinging its white foam like a misty curtain before the grey rocks, over which it poured its ceaseless flood of waters. Here, too, she loved to watch the swift-footed ibex leaping from crag to crag, or looking down from his lofty throne of rocks above her, as rejoicing in his own inaccessible loneliness, and proud of his exalted station, which bid defiance to the approach of human footsteps.

In this lone spot, whose awful gloom seemed more peculiarly to dispose the mind for contemplating with feelings of devotion that Almighty Being,

> "Whose temple is all space;
> Whose altar, earth, sea, skies:"

had Hermanstien hewn out of the rock a sort of grotto or chapel, where he was accustomed to retire each day, to offer up his evening and morning sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving; and here, too, would Antoinette, kneeling at the steps of the rude altar, pour forth her pure devotions to the throne of grace, and wake the lone echoes of those rocks with the sweet hymns which she had learned to sing from her beloved mother, while yet a fair-haired child, she stood beside her with clasped hands and beaming eyes, in all the beauty of youthful piety. Though matured into the graceful and lovely form of woman, there might still be traced the same chaste beauty, the same gentleness and purity of expression, which marked the demeanour of the child.

But to my tale. It was one of those serene and lovely afternoons at the fall of the year, before the rude blast of autumn has stripped the forest trees of their changing foliage, when all above, below, around us, seem to invite us abroad to enjoy their beauties, which we feel are fleeting, and soon to fade away from us, when Winter shall have wrapt the scene in her snowy shroud.

The light-flickered clouds were scattered in thin flakes of silvery brightness over the soft blue sky, the cheering song of the robin, and the murmuring of the mountain-bees, at work on the thyme-beds near the cottage door, tempted Annette to leave her wheel, and take her accustomed ramble over the mountain. With light heart, and blither step, the maiden bent her way towards the rocky path which wound along the brow of the mountain. Free as her own native breezes, she climbed the rugged steeps; sometimes pausing in her career, to turn with wondering and admiring eye to contemplate the magnificent scenery at her feet, glowing beneath the glories of an autumnal sky; or casting her eyes with awe on the lofty ridges of hanging rocks above her. There entangled roots of pine and oak formed a wild canopy over her head, or gushing streams breaking forth, impeded for a time her progress, and made her turn her steps to some better frequented path. The startling cry of the chamois, the shrill whistle of the marmot, or heavy flight of eagles' wings soaring to the skies, alone broke the stillness of the scene.

Tired at length with her exertions, Antoinette seated herself on the fallen and moss-grown trunk of an old pine, which some wintry blast had loosened from its hold on the heights above.

Lost in contemplating the glorious hue with which the rays of the setting sun gilded the snow-clad summits of the distant Alps, or watching the lengthening shadows of the giant rocks, darkening the vales beneath her feet, Antoinette seemed to forget that the decline of the sun's rays would leave her to retrace her perilous way through the gloom and shades of evening. She still lingered, gazing on the lovely scene, when the loud report of a rifle, which had been discharged near her, awoke the echoes of the rocks to a thousand answering tunes.

Like a startled chamois, the fair girl sprung up from her recumbent posture: one moment she paused, to cast a fearful glance around her, till a long shrill whistle caused her to direct her eyes to a pile of rocks, where the tall graceful form of a young man, habited in the accoutrements and dress of an Alpine hunter, met her view. He was leaning on the butt-end of his rifle, his attention evidently riveted on her, with an expression indicative of surprise and admiration. The timid Antoinette cast but one more hasty glance towards the spot occupied by the young stranger, then proceeded to descend the side of the mountain with a speed which fear alone could have inspired, the full clear tone of the hunter's voice calling to her to stay her steps, but which seemed to lend her feet more swiftness. With eager haste Antoinette pursued her dangerous path, nor paused for breath till the white front of the cottage met her view. No longer having any cause for alarm, the frightened girl now stopped her flight, and cast a hurried glance along the ridge of rocks she had just quitted: perhaps there might be a little feeling of curiosity in her breast, which had tempted her to look back, to know whether her retreat was marked by the young hunter. But she had eluded his pursuit; the hunter was no longer visible.

The heightened glow of colour on her cheeks, the scattered tresses that had escaped the fillet which was wont to confine them, the hat thrown back, and the quick heaving of her panting bosom, did not fail to excite mingled feelings of anxiety and curiosity in the mind of her father. Antoinette, trembling and blushing, confessed her foolish fears.

Hermanstien gently chid her for indulging in such causeless

terror, but advised her not for the future to stray so far from home alone; but confine herself to less extensive rambles.

Antoinette now limited her walks within the circle of the rocks that bounded the dell, or the yet more enclosed solitude of the valley, whose rugged barrier she deemed inaccessible to the foot of man. Even the most daring hunter she thought would shrink from scaling these precipices. Here then she would wander along the margin of the lake, indulging her own pensive musings. Yet not unseen, for there was one who, though unnoticed, from the summit of that mountain rampart had watched her steps day after day; whose form was concealed by the deep shadows of the projecting crags, whose sighs were lost to her ear by the sound of the falling waters.

One evening Antoinette had retired from walking on the banks of the lake, to say her evening prayer in the chapel, she had thrown herself on her knees before the rude semblance of the cross which her father had carved, and erected over the little altar. Annette was yet wrapt in her devotions when the sound of approaching steps was heard; supposing it to be her father, she did not look up till she had concluded the last prayer, then shaking back the rich ringlets of fair hair which had fallen over her brows, she raised her smiling face, to meet—not the approving glance of a fond parent, but the ardent and impassioned gaze of the young hunter of the Alps, who stood before her at the entrance of the chapel: his tall form supported by his rifle; in the same attitude, the same dress, and with the same expression that marked his countenance, as when she first beheld him standing on the rocky height above her.

Surprise for a few minutes deprived the wondering girl of all power of speech, till roused by the deep clear tones of the stranger's voice, as he implored her not to be alarmed, and raising his sable-cap courteously from a brow of manly beauty, he advanced towards her.

"Fair maiden," he said, "this is now the second time that I have become an object of terror to you: yet, trust me on the word of a hunter, or if that will not gain me credence, upon the word of a soldier, I meant not to frighten you. I had imagined myself to be the only living being in that vast solitude, when I discharged my rifle at the eagle; nor did I know so fair a creature was near, till you rose before my wondering sight, like some

bright vision which we hear of in our mountain tales; but while I regarded you, mute with surprise, you fled before me like a startled fawn, and though I raised my voice to warn you of your danger, with headlong speed you pursued your perilous way; my voice seeming rather to hasten than repress your flight. Say you forgive me, fair girl, for the terror I occasioned you."

The eyes of the timid Antoinette shrunk beneath the gaze of the young hunter, they sought the ground confused, while she assured him, in hesitating accents, that the forgiveness he required was unnecessary, since it was unintentional on his part to alarm her.

"But I have caused you to confine yourself to this solitary spot, I fear!" observed the young hunter, "since I have pursued the game on these hills day after day, hoping you would again appear; but in vain, till led by some secret fatality, some irresistible power, to the summit of yon beetling cliff," and he raised his arm to the rocky barrier that encircled the valley, as he spoke. "Where my eyes were again blessed by the appearance of the form I sought—day after day have I kept watch upon these rocks, hoping to attract your attention, but in vain—your eyes were ever bent down, or, if they were raised, the distance and the deep shade around me concealed me from your view, till resolving to reach your lone retreat, I boldly ventured down these steeps."

"And did you dare descend that rock," asked the simple wandering girl, measuring the dizzy height with her eye, half shuddering as she thought of the danger that had been encountered, had he but made one false step, or trusted himself to one treacherous or yielding branch. "Yes, sweet girl," replied the young hunter, "nor knew till lately, what a precious gem was enshrined within this rugged casket."

The blushing Annette was fain, I trow, to veil her conscious eye with the clustering tresses of her fair hair, which she shook over her ivory brow to conceal her confusion from the searching gaze of the young hunter's deep blue eyes; nor did she again look up till the sound of her father's voice, pronouncing her name in accents of surprise, mingled with something like displeasure, roused her from her reverie, and she hastened to meet him.

"Who is yon fair-haired youth, and by what means did he find entrance here?" asked Hermanstien, while he cast a suspicious glance, first on his child and then on the young hunter, as he spoke.

"By yon ladder of matted roots," was the quick reply of the

young hunter, flashing back the glance of stern displeasure which kindled upon the swarthy cheek and fired the eye of the old soldier. "Thou lackest not of courage to venture in the den of the wolf to rob him of his young," said Hermanstien bitterly. "The eagle asks not the shepherd's leave to stoop from his lofty nest amid the cloud capped-rocks, to bear away the pride of his fold to his nestling," replied the stranger. "Nay, weep not dearest maiden," he exclaimed, changing his lofty tone to one of almost woman's tenderness, as he marked the tearful eye, and ashy cheek of the trembling, terrified Annette. "Sigismond Roshiem would not for the world pain thy gentle heart."

Why did Hermanstien start at the sound of that name, and why did that stern brow relax, and that hand which had been fiercely clenched in anger, now expand, and seek the grasp of the young hunter, as he exclaimed, "Roshiem! is thy name Roshiem? Sigismond Roshiem didst thou say?"

"The same," briefly replied the astonished hunter, regarding Hermanstien with an expression of doubt and surprise.

"And has chance led another Sigismond Roshiem to this lone valley. Welcome, welcome my child, for thy brave father's sake, to the home of Ernest Hermanstien, and forgive, if thou canst, the parental anxiety of an old man who has but one tie left to bind him to the world, and fears to be reft of his all in her." Lowly bending at the knees of the friend of his revered parent, the young Roshiem besought him to forgive his hasty and impetuous answers. "It is mine infirmity," he added, a slight flush crossing his cheek and brow as he spoke, "but it shall be my study to repress such fiery feelings for the future."

The frank and candid manner of the young Sigismond soon gained him the friendship of the father, while his manly beauty, his winning words, and courteous bearing, won the heart of the gentle daughter.

The pleadings of the gallant Sigismond were not breathed to indifferent ears, or to a callous heart; and there, by the fountain in the dell, did he win from the blushing girl an avowal of her love, and there he plighted, on the word of a young soldier, never to love but her.

Weeks passed away unheeded, till Roshiem's leave of absence was nearly expired; he held the rank of ensign in the duke's army, and a delay beyond the stated time would have been death; but, a short time previous to that fixed for his departure, he again

urged Hermanstien to let him claim Annette by the lawful title of wife; with some reluctance he consented, but upon this condition, that Antoinette should remain with him in the valley, and not accompany her husband, lest any ill should befall her; and that finally, Sigismond should take up his abode with him when he returned from the camp. Sigismond gladly consented to receive his young bride on these terms, and their hands were joined at the neighbouring hamlet by the old curate. But if it was hard to tear himself from his beloved Antoinette before, Sigismond found it doubly so now that she was endeared to him by the tender name of wife; he lingered day after day till urged to depart by the remonstrances of Hermanstien, who was too well acquainted with martial discipline to wish his son-in-law to risk incurring its severity. "Weep not my beloved!" Sigismond exclaimed, folding his young bride in his last embrace. "A few short months shall re-unite us, I will return as soon as duty will permit. Live in the hope of soon again beholding your Sigismond."

Antoinette did indeed live in the hope of being again united to her husband; but it was a hope that was destined only to keep alive despair; weeks, months, and even years rolled onward, but they brought not with them the expected Sigismond. In due time she had become the mother of twin children, whom she named after her own parents, Ernest, and Claudine; and though overwhelmed with ceaseless grief and torturing cares. Antoinette still cherished in her desolate heart the hope that Sigismond would yet return to behold his children, and cheer the broken heart which pined in secret anguish over her blighted hopes. "But love will hope where reason would despair," and of Roshiem's return there was not even a shadow of probability; since the regiment in which he held his commission, had been marched into Italy, where it had been cut to pieces by the Austrian troops who invaded the frontier country, and few returned to tell the tale of defeat and massacre.

Years passed away, and the children of Antoinette Roshiem increased in beauty and in every amiable quality that could gladden the heart of their fond mother, or their grandsire, over whom the misfortunes of his beloved daughter had cast a yet deeper shade of gloom.

I will not my comrades, dwell on the sports of the laughter-loving boy and girl, or enter into a detail of all their childish joys

and sorrows; or pause to tell how Ernest excelled all other children of his age, in his feats of courage and agility; how he followed his sports over the loftiest crags of those mountains undauntedly; how he climbed the rocks for the eyrie of the eagle, or tracked the wily fox to his den, or the hidden retreat of the mountain mouse: with what dexterity he guided his little boat across the lake, or stemmed with fearless breast the mountain torrent: or how the rocks and glens resounded with the sprightly songs of himself and his sister, the gay Claudine.

It was the 18th of September, a lovely day, a day set apart for joy and gladness by Ernest and Claudine. It was their birthday, and on this day the children claimed the privilege of being exempted from all control, that they might prepare a little feast of fruits of their own gathering, with milk and honey, with which they were accustomed to spread a table beneath the old walnut-tree that grew in the centre of the glen, and to which they invited, with all due ceremony, their mother and their grandsire.

At break of day the children left the cottage, Claudine provided with a rushen basket of her own weaving, to contain the fruits and flowers.

By noon they found themselves far from home, and somewhat tired with their wanderings; but with their basket well stored with Alpine strawberries, the scarlet fruit of the arbutus, brown chesnuts, and red hazel-nuts, with ripe berries of various descriptions, and fair posies of mountain flowers. Ernest, perceiving his sister's steps lag, bade her be of good cheer; "I know," he said, "a shorter cut, by which we can regain the path we left, and should our way be crossed by mountain streams, I will bear thee safely over in my arms." Claudine, nothing fearful, consented to submit herself to his guidance; but at the same time besought him to let her rest awhile when they came to some convenient spot; "and I can weave these flowers into wreaths, while we repose ourselves upon the ground."

"With all my heart," said Ernest; "and look you, Claud," for so he was wont to call his sister, "yonder is a rock, by the side of which we must descend; and there, there is a flight of steps formed by the hand of nature, and at the foot of that rock springs a bubbling rill, there you shall rest and weave your garland, while I sing you some hunter's lay, or tell some mountain tale to guile you and your weariness."

"But there is a stranger in the path!" observed Claudine,

timidly drawing back, and pointing to the tall figure of a man enveloped in the tattered remains of an old camp cloak, who leant against the jutting rocks; his military cap drawn over his eyes to shield them from the rays of the noon-day sun.

"It is some o'er wearied hunter, I suppose," said Ernest, advancing to observe the stranger more narrowly; "he seems tired. Let us go to him, Claudine, and offer him some of our fruit."

The approach of their steps caused the stranger to raise his head, and look wistfully in the faces of the children, as they proffered him the contents of their basket. "You are very kind," he said, "to shew so much attention to a wayworn traveller, who has no means of repaying you, save by his thanks."

"We ask no more," replied Ernest; "our parents have always taught Claudine and myself to shew kindness to the poor and destitute."

"I am indeed poor and destitute," observed the stranger, sighing heavily. "Come then with us," said Claudine, advancing from behind her brother, whither she had at first retreated. "It is our birth-day; and you shall be my brother's guest and mine, if you will follow us to our home."

"Where is your home?" the stranger demanded, gazing steadfastly upon them. "A mile or more below these rocks; but you are weary," replied Ernest.

"Yes I am very weary, or I had not tarried here thus long," answered the stranger. "Tell me, little ones," he said, "am I far from the spot called the 'Retreat,' where formerly there dwelt one Hermanstien and his daughter; can you tell me if they are either living still?"

"You ask us of our grandsire, and our mother," answered the children, gazing with wonder on the now agitated countenance of the stranger, who, in a voice half choked by contending emotion, grasped eagerly the arm of either child, exclaiming as he did so, "Where is your father?" "We know not!" answered the trembling Claudine. "What is your father's name?" he continued, still more agitated. "Who was he?" "His name was Sigismond Roshiem; but he died before we saw the light."

The stranger folded the astonished children to his war-worn breast, shedding over them the first tears of a father's love. "My children, Oh! my children!" he cried, "behold in me thy father; repaid by this moment of bliss for all his former woes and wanderings."

With what joyful steps did Sigismond and his children now pursue the path that led towards the vale. Claudine, with steps winged with glee, ran forward to the cottage towards her mother, and, flinging herself, breathless with speed, into her arms, exclaimed, "Come dearest mother! come grandfather! we have spread our feast beneath the tree, and invited a guest to partake of it with us; and we have found a gift well worthy your acceptance.

"My child is almost wild, I think," said Antoinette, putting aside the ringlets that shaded her ivory brow, and imprinting a fond maternal kiss on the forehead of her Claudine. "What gift can you have found so rare and valuable?" "Come and see," replied the impatient Claudine, leading her mother forward towards the open out-stretched arms of Sigismond Roshiem.

Though worn with toil, and scarred with wounds, the quick eye of Antoinette recognized her husband; and sinking on his breast she vented her overcharged feelings in a shower of tears.

They met to part no more; but passed the remainder of their lives in peace and happiness: and hunter and shepherd still tell the tale of the sad parting and happy re-union of Sigismond and his Antoinette.

Here the narrator ceased; and folding his arms in his hunter's cloak, looked round in silence on his reclining auditors.

"Thou hast told thy tale well, Albert of the Arrow," observed old Maurice Brentzlow; "yet, methinks, it was a story fitter for a woman's bower, than to be poured into the listening ear of men of such rough modes as we hunters are."

"Aye, thou lingerest too long on flowers, and murmuring streams, and childish prate, comrade of the Arrow," rejoined old Herman Wetzlar.—"It is my way, brother," replied Albert, carelessly; "You asked me for a tale, and you must bear with my mode of telling it, I trow. But what says Conrad Hartz?"—"Your tale has lulled his sleepy soul to rest, he'll wake some two hours hence, and give you his opinion on it," replied Herman, laughing; "my brain, too, grows drowsy, and so good night. The rude howling of the storm will not break a hunter's rest, I warrant you; but prove as sweet a lullaby as a mother's songs by the cradle of her babe."

The example of Conrad and Herman was soon followed by Maurice and Albert; and sleep soon hushed the inmates of the cavern in a state of deep repose. J. S.

PRIZE ESSAY.

"VIEW OF THE HISTORY, GEOGRAPHY; MORAL, POLITICAL, AND CIVIL STATE OF ANCIENT AND MODERN AFRICA."

(*Continued from page* 48.)

WESTERN AFRICA.

SENEGAMBIA AND GUINEA.

SIERRA LEONE, so called from the mountainous nature of the country, which abounded in Lions, extends from the river Nunez, ten degrees north, down to Cape Montserado, six and a half degrees north, which is the western boundary of the Grain Coast.

The settlement formed in 1787, was designed for the express purpose of labouring to civilize the Africans. The land forming the Peninsula of the colony at Sierra Leone, when viewed from the sea, appears like a number of hills heaped upon each other in an irregular manner. On a nearer approach it assumes a more beautiful appearance. The rugged aspect of the mountains is softened by the lively verdure with which they are always clad; for, even in their most craggy and inaccessible parts, they are covered with forests, and the lower grounds are cultivated, and preserve their verdure nearly through the whole year. The opposite, or northern shore, is low and swampy, but, in many parts, remarkably fertile.

The settlement of Free Town is situated seven miles up the river, with an excellent harbour, where a fleet might ride in safety; the river is more than ten miles wide at its mouth, but does not extend so far into the country as the Gambia or Senegal. The streets are broad and well arranged, but the houses, generally, are built of wood, and raised about half a foot or more from the ground, so as to let the water, during the rainy season, pass under them. These houses, indeed, differ in one particular from all others, in being moveable from one part of the town to another.

It is not unusual to see about three hundred men, all in a body, moving along with a house upon their heads and shoulders. These men are principally Krew men, (inhabitants of Settra Krew) who go to Sierra Leone and other places for work, although their own country is at least four or five hundred miles distant. Those who are fortunate enough to get stone houses must pay

very dear for them; as much as three hundred and four hundred a year for a good house is paid by several inhabitants. The residence of the governor is a wooden edifice, one story high, surrounded by a spacious piazza, and situated on an eminence between the town and the mountains. It commands an extensive and beautiful prospect; particularly every street, and nearly every house in the town, are visible from it. Over the town are seen the bay and shipping; and beyond these, the ocean. On the right is the river, which flows majestically for several miles above the colony; on the left are mountains covered with trees; and the back ground is closed by immense forests, which rise like an amphitheatre, and occasionally have their summits veiled in clouds. In this quarter the English have made the greatest exertions to limit, if not to abolish, the slave trade; but philanthropy, penal statutes, and vigilance, have been found but feeble barriers, when opposed to the cupidity of unprincipled traders. It is computed that there are not less than three hundred vessels on the coast, engaged in this disgraceful traffic, which is probably carried on nearly to as great an extent at this day as at any former period. Is appears, from papers recently laid before the British parliament, that the whole line of Western Africa, from the river Senegal to Benguela, that is to say, from about the latitude of fifteen degrees north, to the latitude of about thirteen degrees south, has, during that period, swarmed with slave vessels; and that an active and increasing slave trade has also been carried on, upon the eastern shores of that continent; particularly from the highlands of Zanzebar. Not less than 12000 liberated slaves, from the slave-ships captured by British cruizers, were calculated to be in the colony, in 1825. The landing of these cargoes is often a very affecting scene. The poor creatures, delivered from the hold of a slave-ship, faint and emaciated by harsh treatment and disease, when received with kindness and sympathy by the inhabitants, among whom, perhaps, they recognize a brother, a sister, or a countryman, whom they had supposed long since dead, but whom they are astonished to see clothed and clean, are overwhelmed with feelings which they find it difficult to express. On their arrival they, if of a proper age, are named, and sent to the adjacent villages. A house and lot of ground is appointed to each family; they are supported one year by government, at the expiration of which they are obliged to provide for themselves. The captured

children are also sent to villages, where they are kept at school till married, which is always at an early age. At the head of each village is a missionary, who acts in the double capacity of minister and schoolmaster. The number of persons attending the schools, in 1824, was 2974, as appears from the appendix to the report of the African Institution, for 1825.

The African Institution endeavours to promote a friendly intercourse with distant, as well as neighbouring countries. The natives of Foulah resort to the colony to participate in the advantages of legitimate commerce; and it may even be expected, that some years hence, caravans shall resort to the neighbourhood of Porto Logo, (on a branch of the Sierra Leone,) to convey the manufactures of Europe into the very interior of the continent of Africa. Trade is rapidly increasing.

The exertions of the African Institution, aided by the missionaries of the Church of England, have effected a remarkable improvement in the morals of the inhabitants, who are stated to be generally contented and industrious. The newly erected churches are said to have crowded congregations; one in Regent Town has usually nearly 2000 attendants.

The total population of Sierra Leone, by the latest returns, is computed at 18000; besides Free Town, there have been built Regent's Town, which contains nearly 2000 inhabitants; and the towns of Gloucester, Leopold, Charlotte, and Bathurst, all of which appear to be thriving. A little to the west of Sierra Leone is Krootown, a small village inhabited by about five hundred Kroomen. The British ships of war, on the station, have each from twenty to seventy of these men in their books, who are said, whatever their pilfering habits may be on shore, to behave with the utmost propriety on board a ship. After leaving Sierra Leone, we arrive at Cape Mount, distant about two-thirds of the whole extent of the dependent territory. The coast is here low; but the mountain, which appears to have given rise to the name of this place, is remarkably high land, and is seen at a long way off from sea. The capital of the kingdom is Cousua, which is situated about a degree inland, and is said to contain as many inhabitants as the capital of Ashantee, about 15000. There are several rivers on this part of the coast, which afford great facilities to trade, being navigable for small vessels a considerable distance into the interior. The articles of traffic consist chiefly in cam-wood, ivory, and rice; of the latter the natives could

supply large quantities, if the trade were encouraged; and as the people are industrious and harmless, and the country eminently calculated to produce abundance of cotton, rice, and other articles of trade, it might be an essential advantage to Great Britain to have a small establishment here, especially as it is so near Sierra Leone, and would be of service in keeping up a direct communication between that colony and our settlements on the Gold Coast.

The land also is abundantly supplied with water, and there are plenty of cattle, sheep, pigs, goats, and poultry. The extent of Cape Mount is one hundred and sixty miles from west to east, and about one hundred miles inland.

The dexterity of the negroes in swimming, between this part of the coast and Cape Palmas, is surprising; they are not afraid of the shark, and it is incredible the time they will remain under water. If a pipe, or the most trifling article be thrown overboard, they will dive and bring it up again, though it be sunk one hundred feet below the surface of the water. "In short," says Mr. Hutton, "I have seen twenty or thirty at a time jump overboard, and swim for a mile after their canoes, and they appear as much in their element in water as on land."

Of the interior of the country we know but little; the following particulars we gather from the reports of Major Laing, who, in the former part of the year 1822, penetrated into Africa, from Sierra Leone, as far as Soolimana; and subsequently published an interesting volume of travels.

This gentleman describes the Timannee country, into which he first entered, particularly that part of it which is under the jurisdiction of Ba Simera, as populous and fertile, intersected by numerous rivers, and navigable creeks; and possessing a soil, which, with a little attention, would raise its inhabitants to opulence. At Toma, which is only sixty miles from Sierra Leone, no white man had ever before been seen; and a woman who first descried the party, stood fixed like a statue in admiration of them, until they had passed; "then she gave a loud halloo of astonishment, and covered her mouth with both her hands." The natives generally have very little clothing, and many of them none at all: but the dress of the females, near the water side, is peculiar; the young women wear "a narrow piece of cloth, called a tutunge, or a covering of beads called a patie," fastened round their loins; whilst the married women adopt the more de-

cent attire of two yards of blue baft, wrapped round the body like a petticoat. Amongst other superstitions, those connected with the burial of their dead are the most remarkable: when a death takes place, various methods are adopted to appease the evil spirits, supposed to have been the agents in the decease, and much pagan ceremony is exhibited. Whilst our traveller was at Bung, a girl died suddenly; immediately upon the decease, a loud yell was uttered from about one hundred people assembled upon the occasion; after which, several hundred women, some of them beating small drums, sallied through the town, confiscating every moveable article that they could find out of doors. The elders and Grugree men assembled a few hours afterwards, in the Palavar Hall, to ascertain, if possible, the cause of her death. They inquired whether any one had threatened her life; afterwards they queried whether she had been killed by witchcraft; and, at last, after a consultation of three days, concluded that she died by the agency of the devil.

The first two nights, during the time of this consultation, large parties of the inhabitants paraded the town, clapping their hands, yelling and shouting, to avert the wrath of the Grugrees; and on the third, the night of interment, presents of rice, palm wine, cassada, and cloth, were deposited at the Grugree houses, to satisfy the evil spirits that they might not kill any more people. Five or six men, strangely dressed, appeared about midnight; intimated that the evil spirits were satisfied, took away the presents, telling the people that no other death should happen in the town for some time. The joy which this assurance diffused among the people, was celebrated by dancing and revelry, till after day-break. The Timannees, in common with numerous other tribes of Africa, before eating or drinking, consign a portion to the dead, by throwing it upon the ground; "Charnel houses," says our traveller, "in which the remains of the kings or head men are deposited, are never opened; but small apertures are left in the walls, through which cooked provisions and palm wine are occasionally introduced." These the Timannees imagine, are needful for the dead; "of whose spiritual existence they seem to be satisfied." Small houses containing skulls, images, &c., are to be found generally near the entrance of the towns; the supposed residences of the Grugrees, and "almost every house has its protecting spirits, who are often invoked in a manner that is calculated to exite the commiseration of the European spectator."

The civility which Major Laing received at Nyiniah reminds us of some features of the classic page, and at the same time shews that the embers of humanity are not quite extinguished in the native African. The head man of Nyiniah forced him by civility to remain at his town one day longer than he intended; and visited him early in the morning, attended by his chiefs and principal griot, the latter of whom entertained him for some time, by vociferating, (or rather, as he considered it, singing) the praises of his master. Then he sung "of the white man who came out of the water to live among the Kooranko people; the white man ate nothing but fish when he lived in the water, and that was the cause of his being so thin. If he came among black men he would get fat, for they would give him cows, goats, and sheep to eat; and his thirst should be quenched with draughts of milk." The song being concluded, our traveller was presented with a fine young bull, which, being thrown down, was encircled with a crowd of people. "Those nearest the animal placed their hands upon him, and joined in a short prayer which a Mahommedan repeated aloud; the purport of which," said our traveller, "was, that I might get safe to my journey's end and home again among the white men, and that God might long preserve my life." The Moslem immediately took the knife, and repeating aloud, "Bissim Alla Hi," *i. e.* "May God enable you to bear what is going to happen to you," severed with one cut the windpipe of the victim. Every knife being now drawn and employed, so much execution was displayed, that in the course of ten minutes the animal was cut up and portioned off.

Passing from hence we come to Cape Montserada on the Grain Coast, which produces abundance of rice, yams, and manio. The cotton and indigo of this country are of the first quality. The inhabitants are skilful and intrepid rowers, and bid defiance to Europeans. Mr. Robertson says, "that to the indelible honour of these people, they have never been known to enslave each other, even for criminal offences of the most aggravated nature."

The Ivory Coast, commencing at Cape Palmas, is inhabited by a warlike nation of a dark unsociable disposition, at least towards Europeans; and are said to be addicted to cannibalism. This coast is bounded on the east by the river Assinee.

Passing Cape Apollonia we enter on the Gold Coast, which derives its name from the great trade in gold dust carried on in it, which has given rise to many European establishments; these, however, have been destroyed or deserted, in consequence of the

baleful effects of the slave trade, which has destroyed the confidence of the natives.

Of this whole extent of coast we have nothing worthy of observation to state; the immediate sea coast is light and sandy, and therefore unfit for agriculture; but at the distance of two or three miles from the shore, and the farther we penetrate into the interior the soil improves, till, at the distance of eight miles, it is very fertile.

SCENE ON THE DANUBE.

The view down the two rivers, (the Inn and the Danube,) from the point of their confluence, is, in my opinion, far more beautiful, though not so extraordinary, as that obtained from the heights above them. Standing in the stern of the boat, and looking back on the too rapidly disappearing scene, on our right arose the long walls and round towers of Oberhaus, upon a range of precipices richly hung with wood, and full four hundred fathoms high; on our left stood the Maria-Hilf-berg, crowned with its church, and the houses of the Inn-stadt picturesquely grouped at its foot,—in the centre, the town of Passau, forming a salient angle upon a plane of water, nearly two thousand feet in width, and standing like an island between two of the noblest rivers in Germany. The time allowed us to contemplate this lovely scene, was as brief as the enjoyment was exquisite. The Danube, reinforced by the waves of the Inn and the Ilz, rushes, with redoubled speed round a rocky cape! and presto! your boat is gliding between banks so savage and solitary, that you can scarcely believe some necromantic spell has not transported you, in the twinkling of an eye, thousands of miles from that "peopled city," the hum of which still lingers in your ear. In its eccentric course, the river now forms itself, as it were, into a chain of beautiful lakes, each apparently shut in on all sides by precipitous hills, clothed with black firs that grow down to the very water's edge, while from amongst them peeps out, here and there, one of the little Swiss-looking cottages, with perhaps a rustic bridge thrown across a small cleft or chasm, through which a mountain rivulet falls like a silver thread into the flood below.—*Planché's Descent of the Danube.*

THE LODGING-HOUSE-KEEPER.

Whoe'er has travelled life's dull round,
Whate'er his changes may have been,
Will sigh to think he still has found,
His warmest welcome at an Inn.

Such is the assertion of Shenstone, a poet of the last century, when it was more the fashion to deal in fiction than at present; and who was, moreover, a bachelor, therefore inclined to see his fellow creatures through a less indulgent medium, than one whose heart had been drawn out of its own selfishness by the ordinary claims which awaken our social feelings, and subdue our petty fastidiousness in married life. I am firmly persuaded, that in every part of our British dominions, from the lowliest Irish hut, or highland biggin, to the wealthiest and busiest dwellings in the metropolis, *warm welcomes* are given daily, which run with electric vivacity from heart to heart, like mercy,

Blessing him that gives, and him that takes,

and I sincerely pity the man who never tastes the sweetness of such an intercourse.

When, however, circumstances forbid us the reception of friendship, and we are merely travellers on the road, happy may we think ourselves in escaping the loneliness of Dâk travelling in India; or the misery of exploring in Africa, by reaching a well appointed inn, or even a respectable public house. There is something in the bustling avidity of waiters, the gracious smile of the landlady, and the courtesying attentions of the chamber-maid, which serves admirably as a substitute for disinterested kindness. There is something vivacious and exciting in the very air of an inn—the number of its guests, the variety of their character and condition, the consciousness that our own rights are equal with those of the highest, puts us in good humour; and uniting with a sense of houseless dependence (by which humility and pride became properly attempered), gratitude is easily awakened, and the hand which supplies our wants, on whatever condition, is esteemed for the moment that of a benefactor.

Far different are our sensations, when we take possession of apartments in a lodging-house. We are startled with the very

stillness of the place; its air of neatness and cleanliness suggests ideas of cold and damp, rather than order and comfort. If it is superior in pretension to the home we have left, we are piqued by its presumption—if inferior, shocked by its deficiency; we sit down splenetic and melancholy, assured that every thing will go wrong with us, and wondering how we could be so weak as to think of coming thither; or, by an act of fortitude, determine to endure the *pleasures* we have been so foolish as to purchase, and which we now consider to be *pains*.

The mistress of the lodging-house can rarely boast the fascinations of the landlady—her little peculiarities are not rubbed down by collision with abundant society, nor her manners imbued with tact and discrimination. If she is familiar in our present ill-humour, we become disgusted with her forwardness; if distant and respectful, we conclude her sly and insinuating. All her satellites are supposed to partake the nature of the ruling planet, and we are determined of course to watch them narrowly. The most careless persons at home, lock their drawers when arrived at their new lodgings, and eye housemaid, cash, and errand-boy, with looks which indicate suspicion that cook, and all, will abstract tea and sugar, sip up their wine, and water their brandy. The recollection of various petty delinquencies, heard or read of, rise to their minds, and aid their imaginations on such subjects, and tend to curdle the milk of human kindness, even in hearts wont to overflow with it. The most generous and confiding natures consider it a positive duty to be on their guard against themselves and their hostess, from the time they enter her dwelling.

Such at least were the acknowledged conclusions of my worthy friends, the Rev. Dr. Harvey and his lady; when, after a long sojourn on the continent, for the benefit of two delicate daughters, they sought a temporary home at the small sea-bathing place of Little ——— in Sussex.

Their lodgings had been secured by a friend, and were promising in their exterior, consisting of rooms in a low, but large house, completely covered by a rich vine; and their first glance showed that they had entered an English house of modest pretensions, but decided characteristics. Old fashioned, but really *easy* chairs, dark bright tables, carpets and rugs; curtains white as snow, fire-irons shining like silver, and a well-stocked buffet, by turns attracted their admiration. Whilst they were comment-

ing on the superior elegance of simple cleanliness, to the damask-draperied apartments and filthy floors of the land they had left, the mistress of the house entered, and became the object of less agreeable investigation.

Miss, or Mrs. Everton, for the title was in abeyance, was apparently at the uncertain age of certainty—her form was spare, her limbs long and ungainly, the expression of her face mingled the demure with the sharp, and her cheek bones being high, her forehead broad, and her chin peaked, the general contour resembled a cat; and the whole family immediately set her down as possessing all the faults generally attributed to that really useful, but much calumniated animal. Like pussy, she was indeed delicately clean in her apparel, somewhat finikin in her gestures, quick and prying in her glances. She seemed to comprehend in a moment, not only the wants, but the wishes, of her new household, together with their means, and habits; and with a skill beyond the pretensions of Lavater and Spurzheim, she, in a short time, furnished them with a well contrived and well cooked dinner, which left them nothing to desire on the score of appetite, and little to apprehend on that of expence.

Day after day passed in equal comfort—they found the benefit of attention without the care of servants; the independence of an establishment, without the solicitude and labour generally attached to it. Though, confessedly in those habits of untidyness which result from an unsettled abode, they ceased to suffer the inconvenience which usually arises from them. Invisible hands rectified every disorder, and the very genius of neatness pervaded every apartment; from the shreds and clippings of the work-table, whether used for card-racks and other ornamental works, millinery, note-writing, music-pricking, bead-work, purse-frames, or any of the multifarious modes by which young ladies litter and create, to the more substantial confusion of the dressing-room. Often would they exclaim, when sensible of the comfort thus procured, "there is nothing like dear England, for order and comfort—but then we shall have to pay for it."

Yet the first day of settlement brought a bill so moderate, proofs of management so excellent, economy so complete, and even of generosity, that our good couple found it necessary to institute a close examination.

"You have forgotten many things, Miss Everton—we have had grapes, you know, every day?"

"Lauk ma'am they grows against your windows, I consider all that side of the house your own."

"And on Tuesday, when our friends called, you sent up a handsome lunch, for which I was much obliged to you; but it is not charged here."

"Why, ma'am, I happened (by great chance) to have a tongue and tarts in the house, and I was particular glad as the quality comed that day, 'case the things turned out to be convenient. I hoped as you would excuse the liberty, seeing you were taken at a nonplush."

But no such charge "was part of the bond," in Mrs. Everton's eyes; yet she had no intention of imposing obligation on her betters, and took with gratitude, as a favour, that which they paid as a debt. The natural good-will and liberality of her nature rose continually above the surface of her politeness, which yet preserved the habitual humility of her manners; and, save now and then, an involuntary burst of admiration at the "noble couple," or of "madam's extraordinar beauty," (which was certainly remarkable) never did her voice, manner, gait, or dress, undergo the slightest alteration. She remained in their eyes a kind of thinking automaton, capable of doing more business than any half dozen women they had ever met with before; and so wound up by a sense of duty, or a propensity to laborious benevolence, as to appear incapable of relaxation. But it was not within her own house alone that Mrs. Everton's capacities for utility were exhibited; for, although no gadder abroad in the ordinary sense of the word, yet frequently in the poetical hour of twilight, which she economically denominated "time before candles," would she slip on cloak and pattens and go forth on visits of charity and assistance. The grades of civilized life are numerous—Mrs. Everton, notwithstanding her humble courtesies, and her personal toils, was yet a woman of much importance in the town of Little ———, to an extensive circle. She could help the crooked manteau-maker to new London fashions, as exhibited in the wardrobe of her lodgers; or recommend her professional services, in the turning of a pelisse, or the repairs of a flounce—she was the regular employer of char-women, and the patron of widowed washer-women; and many a sick labourer, and pining child looked to her for the basin of nourishing broth, or the bit of delicate pudding, which could restore strength, or tempt appetite. For weeks together, was she sole physician and principal

nurse to a fisherman; whose illness threw his helpless family on her bounty, for loaves and beer, and awakened her compassion into eloquence, in begging higher aid, in higher quarters, so that by degrees she brought the whole family through the "slough of despondency," and launched the head of it once more on the element which provided for them all.

Somewhat diplomatic in her manners, sparing in her words, and constantly methodical in her arrangements, she appears designed by nature, and inured by habit, to thinking, contriving, and assisting, wherever the wants of the lower, and the wishes of the superior part of her fellow-creatures are concerned. *Her* good word for a servant is a never failing passport to all the country gentry around; and though reported, and indeed felt to be "a sharp mistress," she is yet held to be a kind one; and is therefore served with fidelity and remembered with gratitude. Many a rough cottager has she polished into the civility necessary for house-maidism, many a wasteful slattern has she drilled into a good cook; and many a poor man has reason to bless the day when the pretty pink-ribanded hoyden which won his youthful affections, entered that cave of Trophonius, the kitchen of Mrs. Everton, and there learnt those arts, and imbibed those principles, which have rendered her a prudent mother and an affectionate helpmate.

It appeared to her present lodgers, under their better *surveillance*, that Mrs. Everton had every good quality, save that of growing *rich;* but they were not less aware that, from the very integrity of her nature, not less than her abilities, she would not become *poor*, in the strictest sense of the word. A long summer is to her a harvest; and when Mrs. Harvey resolved on extending their stay to Christmas, or "probably longer," the information was received with almost a scream of joy, and disseminated by Mrs. Everton to all her domestics, with a rapidity that bespoke its importance. To the good doctor and his family it was delightful to be made the means of good, and to witness the value of the disbursement of a moderate income, wisely managed, in a small circle. These pleasures increased, as the season faded, and the consciousness that they were held as actual benefactors distinct from summer visitants, gave them an interest in all around them. They were happy, and had the good sense to know it—winter and spring have gone by, and they still remain at Mrs. Everton's, in the full possession of comfort within the

house, and respect without it—happy is the child that has ran fast enough to scrape and bow, or bob a courtesy, to madam—gratified is the old man who has been honoured with a "good day" from the doctor.

It is true Mrs. Everton's anxiety to keep every thing tidy and to put things "a little to rights," has sometimes produced counterbalancing though temporary inconveniences. The doctor's gloves and cane have been subjected to unmerited banishment, the former being exalted to dangle from cloak pins, and the latter to languish in dark corners. On the same principle his books have been consigned to dark cupboards, (intended to be invisible from their situation in the walls, and which are nearly so to all but her own initiated eyes) and his papers have been grievously displaced by being put in order. The welfare of the Sunday school of Little —— was once thrown into jeopardy from the sermon he was about to preach in its behalf, being hidden in a perfectly safe corner, for Mrs. Everton being its first mover, and finding it like a stray bantling, moved from pillar to post, thought it her duty to place it in security.

One evening when Mrs. Harvey had retired to rest somewhat indisposed, the good landlady in her unceasing anxiety, crept into their bed-room after midnight to see if it would be desirable to administer some of those anodynes which she had found useful to others. Happily the inhabitants of the room were sound asleep, and the tiptoe visitant might have retired to slumber also, if she had not been scandalized by seeing "the doctor's clothes littering all about;" with eager haste she seized every delinquent article, and with noiseless expedition folded it up and deposited it in the drawers, not omitting even those *small* ones which are deemed most *indispensable*.

It so happened that Dr. Harvey had taken a place in a stage for London on the following morning; and, when at six the horn of the guard sounded, he was in vain seeking for his missing garments; and at length nearly compelled to inflict as great a wound on Miss Everton's decorum as she had committed on his property, since she was compelled to restore the pantaloons her neatness had hidden, and pacify the impatient Jehu by her most potent cordial.

Happy may we deem ourselves when the misfortune of one day, forms the jest of the next, and happy is my worthy friend, his still lovely wife, and their fair daughters, in a retreat which

in releasing them from care, and extending their means of benevolence, insures also that leisure which is the medium of intellectual pleasures. The time must come, when duties and circumstances will remove them from their present abode, and we trust whenever it arrives, Mrs. Everton will find some good lodgers to supply their place; who, if not quite so delightful to the eye, or dear to the heart, yet may prove equally profitable to the purse of the honest, liberal, and notable, Mrs. Everton, whom I earnestly recommend to my readers, whenever they wish to enjoy a short journey, a little sea-bathing, and an excellent lodging-house-keeper. B.

MODERN AMAZONS.

In no part of Colombia has there been so much steady courage and zealous patriotism manifested, as in the heroic little island of Margarita. In time of war, when a sail approaches, three guns are fired at the Fort la Ciudad, and in a few hours every soul capable of bearing arms, or of rendering the least assistance, is assembled at this point; the women sharing equally with the men in the dangers and fatigues of the campaign. During the first attempt of Morillo to invade their country, these gallant Amazons constantly worked the guns in the battalion under General Gomez; and the havoc which they made among the enemy, sufficiently proved the skill and dexterity they had acquired in the management of their artillery. At one time, when the entire Spanish squadron aided in a descent on the coast, and were seen off the mouth of the harbour, these females actually carried, in one night, materials for the erection of a battery of four twenty-four-pounders; which they afterwards constructed themselves. As the Spaniards, perceiving the preparations making for them, and probably intimidated by the remembrance of their former defeats, sheered off, it was not required; but it is still standing, and has ever since been denominated "The Old Woman's Battery."—The people of Margarita have been, by some persons, condemned as cruel and dishonest; but, judging by their conduct to myself during my various wanderings among them, I deem most unjustly.

Recollections of Three Years' Service in Venezuela.

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE STORY-TELLER, a Collection of Tales, Original, Translated and Selected. Part I. 8vo. London, 1828.

The most distinguished authors of the present day have condescended to amuse and instruct the world by writing tales. Many of their best productions in this way, however, have been occasional; many anonymous, and some are only to be found amidst the literary rubbish of our periodical literature. We had long wished to see a judicious collection made, where the best Tales only should find admission, and the present publication fully answers to our ideas on the subject. The editor of "The Story-Teller" has displayed great discrimination and admirable taste: his selections evince a matured judgment, and laudable desire to promote the best feelings of the human heart. In this delightful season when time-killing is the only game which is eagerly pursued, the "Story-Teller" will be found eminently serviceable. It may be opened anywhere; the most desultory will find their attention arrested; and the innocent and the gay cannot fail to discover something to amuse.

The work is enriched by numerous embellishments, and we should be doing injustice to the editor were we to give him credit only for his selections. He has translated several stories from the French, German, and Italian, and some of his original tales are amongst the best in the work. We shall condense one as a specimen.

"In that city where, as Alfieri said, 'one need only stand in the market-place to take lessons in the purest Italian:' that is to say, in Florence, there lived two Italian ladies, who were sisters. The elder, the Signora Baldi, had been a widow for several years; and, as well by the gravity of her temper, as by her religious practices, was fond of retirement. She had, however, sacrificed her taste in this respect, and had mingled, to a considerable extent, in the gay world, because she thought that by this means she could accomplish a wish which was, of all others, nearest to her heart—the marriage of her sister Camilla. The haughtiness and the difficulty of this latter lady's temper had, hitherto, thwarted all her designs; and the Signora Baldi, at length despairing of success, had resumed her accustomed manner of living. She had been chiefly induced to this by her sister having refused an advantageous offer of marriage, which had been made to her by Signor Ercole Grandonio, notary of the Dominican Convent of St. Mark. A certain coldness had ensued between the sisters, which, although it did not produce any thing like a quarrel between them, increased the monotony of their lives.

"Camilla, was a person of considerable attraction. Her naturally good understanding, and the accomplishments of her education, would have made her very agreeable, but a habit of reading romances had spoilt her taste, and given an exalted turn to her imagination, which, while it made her difficult in the choice of a husband, deterred many men from seeking her hand who would otherwise have been glad to marry her. She had now, however, reached that certain age which, as Lord Byron says, is 'the most uncertain age of all;' and she felt the critical nature of her situation. An old man, who is on the very brink of the grave, does not count with more anxiety and apprehension the grains of sand as they fall from the hour-glass of time, than a lady who has been surprised by the age of thirty without having tasted the sweets of matrimony. Every day increases her wish to secure a happiness which seems brighter as it becomes more difficult to obtain; and the fear of never possessing it makes her more credulous in relying on whatever seems to afford a hope.

"This was exactly the situation of Camilla. From her thoughts being constantly fixed upon one subject she became superstitious, and gave in to all the follies to which superstition leads. Sometimes she went to consult a fortune-teller; sometimes the bottom of a tea-cup revealed to her the secrets of futurity. She practised frequently the almost obsolete custom of the *far verde*;* and her sister had often found her pale and dejected, for no other reason than because the green leaves, which she had placed in her bosom, had faded almost immediately.

"At length, she had a dream, in which she thought a young man of attractive person and agreeable manners, wooed her for his bride; she listened to his suit, and he was about to place a bridal wreath upon her head, when she awoke. Provoking as this interruption was, Camilla was reconciled to it by hearing, at the same moment, the sound of a guitar beneath her window, accompanied by a man's voice. She at first thought it was a continuation of her dream, but was soon convinced of its reality, and listened with tremulous delight, until the singer had finished Petrarch's delightful canzone, 'Chiare, fresche, e dolce acque.' She rose, and gently opening the window, saw beneath it a man wrapped up in a cloak, and leaning against the opposite wall. He held his guitar still in his hand, and his face was turned towards her window. He uttered a hasty farewell, and withdrew, but not before Camilla had been able to recognise in him a young man whom she had often observed near her at church. She immediately looked upon him, with that sanguine and romantic mode of thinking which she had adopted, as her destined husband; and she could not doubt that his song was addressed to her, because

* This practice consisted in putting a green branch (most commonly of fennel) in the bosom, and of drawing from it prognostics of good or evil according to the degree of freshness which it preserved.

the house in which she lived with her sister was isolated, and surrounded by gardens.

"Several days passed without the Signora Baldi having received from her sister the explanation she wished for and expected. She was one evening sitting in her parlour with the Signor Grandonio, who has been before mentioned, (and who, although he was rejected as a lover by one of the sisters, was not less the intimate friend of the other)—it was one of those cold evenings so common in Italy, and he sate by the fire reading aloud by its light an old chronicle, full of the disastrous and horrid deeds of the olden time, which the signora took great pleasure in listening to. As the little old man sate, the light falling upon his withered features, no one (except the Signora Baldi), who looked at him, could wonder that Camilla should have refused him and his offers.

"The reading was interrupted by the entrance of Zerbina, the lady's maid, with a note. The signora saw it was in the hand-writing of Camilla; and, breaking the seal, she read it hastily. 'And thus I am recompensed for my unceasing care and affection,' said she, as she handed the letter to the notary. He read it, and his distress and surprise were the greater, inasmuch as he had not quite given up all hopes of overcoming Camilla's repugnance to him.

"The note, which was very short, explained to her sister, that finding the tedium of the Casa Baldi intolerable, she had resolved to quit it; and that, when she again saw her, it would be in the character of a wife.

"An inquiry was immediately instituted as to the road she had taken; and, at the request of the Signora Baldi, Grandonio set off to endeavour to trace her, while the good signora devoutly employed herself in soliciting all the saints in the calendar for her sister's welfare.

"In the mean time Camilla was in a travelling carriage on the road to Majano; where, by a plan concerted between her and her unknown lover, she was to be met by him. The journey was unmarked by any extraordinary circumstance; and, novel as her situation was, and rash as was this step she had taken, yet such was the excitement of her feelings that she did not feel terrified.

"When the carriage stopped at Majano, a young man presented himself at the door to receive her. His dress resembled somewhat that of a doctor, but he wore a sword of a military form.

"'Without thee, dearest,' he cried, 'I should have lived and died abandoned; and, I must tell you, before I snatch you from a peaceful home, that my lot is hardly enviable. Solitude is my very birthright; and if, perchance, misfortune should one day reach us, can you pardon'——

'"Our Saviour,' replied Camilla, as she touched the small crucifix hanging round her neck, 'taught us forgiveness when he pardoned his executioners.'

"'His executioners!' repeated the young man, with a shudder, and for a moment some painful idea seemed to take possession of his mind. 'But, come,' he said, recovering himself, 'in the face of Heaven I will claim your promise.'

"Camilla held out her hand, which he eagerly seized.

"At this moment his servant Venturi, whom he had told to be in waiting as a witness to the marriage, came riding up in great haste. 'Signor Benno,' cried the man, 'here is your cloak, which the podestà has sent to you,' at the same moment handing his master a large yellow cloak.

"'My cloak!' replied the signor, in a tone full of anguish, 'a fitting marriage present. Oh! my father, how dreadful an inheritance hast thou left me.'

"They approached the church. A priest, who was in waiting, celebrated the holy office. As he turned round to bestow the nuptial benediction on them, he happened involuntarily to put his foot upon the cloak, which the young man had let fall upon the steps of the altar. As the eyes of the priest encountered this cloak he stepped back, as if he had trod upon a serpent; but, recovering himself in a moment, he finished his solemn office. Then opening the Scriptures, he read that part which contains the history of the treachery of Judas, and ends with the words, 'They that take the sword, shall perish with the sword.'

"The priest, as he concluded, shut the book violently, and retired in a manner which seemed to surprise the persons present.

"'And you, too—ministers of the gospel—do you also join the common cry against me,' murmured Benno, as he led his bride out of the church. He then gave orders to his servant to prepare for departing immediately; and the first dawn of the morning was just about to appear, when Camilla and her husband quitted Majano to return to Florence.

"The notary went in pursuit of the fugitives; but had not proceeded far, when he learned from a German student that the marriage had already taken place. He therefore quickly returned; and the news he brought plunged Signora Baldi into the deepest affliction.

"Camilla, in the mean time, was living in a neat but somewhat old-fashioned house, in one of the most retired parts of Florence. She had lived here for some months with no other society than that of her husband, but yet in almost perfect happiness. The interior of her house was marked by an elegant simplicity, which had more of good taste and comfort in it than of splendour. Her apartment, which adjoined that of her husband, was adorned with portraits of the saints, and religious emblems, from the hands of the best masters. A large glass door, the panes of which were beautifully painted, led into a garden which even now was delightful, although the rigour of the season hid many of its beauties. Still it furnished flowers enough to decorate the chamber, in which books, harp, a pencils and drawings, were scattered about profusely.

"Camilla's husband was young, affectionate, and attentive. She enjoyed all the pleasures of a peaceful life and an easy fortune: besides, she was *married*—and yet Camilla was not quite happy.

"Camilla had advanced some paces beyond her husband in the path of life (this is, as it seems to us, an ingenious way of avoiding that ugly word *age*, which makes ladies so angry); but yet, as she was tenderly loved by him, this made little difference. Nothing would have disturbed their conjugal felicity, but for a certain inequality of temper, with which Heaven had afflicted Signor Benno Siccati, and which sometimes gave rise to little storms. When Camilla found herself, as she often was, obliged to endure this, she regretted the peaceful dwelling of her sister, which she thought she was doomed never to behold again, because, upon her expressing a wish to do so, her husband had requested, or rather insisted upon, her giving up any such intention.

"'But surely, signor,' she said to him one day, when the subject was renewed, 'you do not mean to require from me an entirely passive obedience, without ever, on your part, making the least sacrifice of your own wishes to mine.'

"'Camilla,' replied her husband, 'I beseech you do not seek to penetrate the reason of the solitude in which we are compelled to live. You know well that you promised to resign yourself to this necessity: would you now break that promise?'

"'But remember, signor,' said the lady, 'that what I ask is not only reasonable, but it is also a duty from me to my sister, and that it can be of no importance to you. I might indeed complain of the total ignorance in which it is your pleasure to leave me with respect to your own family.'

"'And your complaints,' he interrupted, 'would be well founded if it were in my power to remove them. But I have been the plaything of misfortune from my birth: no mother's caresses, no father's cares, watched over my youth. But for you, Camilla, I should have gone down to my grave, without ever having met one loved being whom I could press to my heart. Prithee, then, my first but only love, do not seek to penetrate into a mystery, the painfulness of which affects *me* only.'

"'And will you not let me share your sorrows as well as your joys?' asked his wife.

"'No, love,' he said, affecting a gaiety which could not conceal the pain he had endured from this conversation, 'you must be content with having made me the happiest of unhappy men; and, for the future,' he added, kissing her, 'let us avoid this disagreeable subject.'

"'No, indeed, you shall not get off in this manner,' said the lady, who thought she had gained an advantage which, if vigorously pressed, might be the means of disclosing that which she so much wished to know. 'I

have expected this confidence from you, which I think I am entitled to, and you shall withhold it from me no longer.'

"Benno looked angry and embarrassed, but, before he could reply, aloud knocking was heard at the door; and the servant, entering immediately afterwards, brought a message from the podestà, who required Benno's immediate presence, and bid him not forget to bring his cloak with him.

"Benno's vexation appeared to be increased by this circumstance, and by the sight of a long yellow cloak, not that which he usually wore, now brought him by his servant. Camilla would have helped him to arrange it on his shoulders; but, as she extended her hand for this purpose, he repulsed her, as if afraid of her touching it. He then went out immediately, followed by his servant, and went towards the house of the podestà.

"As he passed along the streets, muffled up in his cloak, his appearance seemed to excite singular and disagreeable sensations in the mind of every person who beheld him. The citizens drew back as he approached; the country-girl from the Vale of Arno, who was sitting at the corner of the street, surrounded by flower-pots and baskets of fruit, hid her face in the small beaver hat which was hanging at her girdle. The venerable professors of the Roman law, on their way to their classes, robed in their black symars, turned away their heads as he passed. The devotee lowered her black veil; the Padre Cercatore, returning to his convent, preceded by a mule loaded with an ample provision of vegetables, eggs, oil, and wine, crossed himself with an air of compunction as the wind blew the folds of Benno's yellow cloak against his ample cowl. * * *

"It may be easily imagined that the manner of Camilla's life with her husband was not altogether agreeable. During his absence, which now frequently happened in the exercise of his mysterious functions, the desire of seeing her sister once more grew stronger; and at length she resolved to satisfy it, notwithstanding Benno's injunctions to the contrary, and the vigilance with which she was guarded.

"She chose for putting her design in execution one of the days on which he had been to visit the podestà. It was his custom always on his return from these visits to retire to his own apartment, which no one was permitted to enter. On this occasion he had returned paler and more distressed than usual. He threw off his cloak with horror, and the door of his chamber was shut after him with violence. When the night came, Camilla, who had been waiting its approach with impatience, dressed herself in the yellow cloak and flapped hat of her husband, and went to the street door.

"She had not proceeded far, when two men accosted her.

"'It is lucky,' said the man who had first spoken, 'that we have found you, Signor Siccati; we had orders to go to your house, but you seem to

have anticipated our message, for you have your cloak with you. Always ready for your duty: upon my word I must say that Florence never could boast of a more punctual, or a better——'

"'Be quiet,' said the other, interrupting him, 'we shall be overheard; let us make haste; and, Signor Benno, pray don't reply, for I perceive we are not alone.'

"Camilla was terrified, but eager to penetrate the mystery which enveloped her husband, suffered them to conduct her through angry groups of the populace, who had assembled to witness the execution of some young and thoughtless patriots, to a gloomy-looking building, the door of which was opened on a given signal. Wrapped up in her mantle, she was led through a hall filled with soldiers, whose amusements ceased on her appearance.

"She then entered another room, where her appearance produced the same effect; but there the scene was so extraordinary, that she had no time to think of herself.

"Twelve figures clothed in white, and each holding a flambeau in his hand, formed a circle round a young man loaded with chains, and whose emaciated figure told a tale of suffering and long imprisonment. A magistrate, an aged priest, and two boys, bearing religious emblems, were near the prisoner; the other parts of the chamber were filled by soldiers.

"The appearance of Camilla caused a shuddering among the religious persons.

"'I am ready to hear your sentence,' said the prisoner in a languid tone.

"'It is for this man to announce it to you,' said the magistrate, as he presented to Camilla a parchment, to which a large seal was affixed. 'Siccati, do your duty; read the prisoner's doom?'

"'God of mercy!' cried the unhappy captive, 'it is then a sentence of death.'

"He dashed his head, in a movement of despair, against the wall, and the blood flowed with rapidity from the wound.

"This completed Camilla's fright and terror: she could endure her feelings no longer, but sunk fainting at the feet of the judge.

"'Holy Virgin, it is a woman!' cried one of the soldiers, who had stepped forward to raise her.

"'A woman!' repeated the judge in a tone of anger.

"'Yes, it is a woman,' said the soldiers as they retired, and the vaulted roof rung with the exclamation 'It is a woman!'

"The rash step which Camilla had taken, had completely estranged her from her husband, although she did not comprehend the exact nature of the dreadful spectacle which she had witnessed. Instead of finding amusement in her music and her books, she devoted herself to religious exercises. During the Easter festival she mingled in the solemnities of

the season; and after hearing a sermon one night, as was the custom at Florence, she was involuntarily carried away by the rushing crowd, which stopped before a scaffold.

"A man stood upon it alone and motionless near the fatal block; his arms were crossed upon his chest, and his back turned in such a manner that Camilla could not see his features. He seemed neither to be moved by the tumultuous cries about him, nor by the horrors in which he was about to be the chief actor.—Camilla loved still—notwithstanding all her doubts and fears she loved, and the remembrance of him, who was the sole object of her affection, mingled itself with all the dreams that tormented her wandering fancies. Even in the odious minister of justice before her she fancied she saw the person of her husband. She made an effort to chase from her mind a notion at once so horrible and so degrading.—'It is a dream,' she cried, when at the same moment the figure turned round, and she saw in the ruthless executioner of Florence her own husband, Benno Siccati. One cry of horror burst from her lips, and she sank upon the steps where she had been standing. She lay there utterly unconscious of the remaining horrors of the scene, and it was not until the bloody execution was terminated that she recovered her senses.

"When she became conscious, the low whispers of the wind were alone to be heard. The lately crowded square was deserted. One man alone approached her, and, by the torch which was carried behind him, Camilla saw that he wore a yellow cloak, the bottom of which was dabbled in blood.

"Again the horrors of her situation rushed upon her mind, and a relapse into unconsciousness relieved the agony she felt. From this moment her reason, too much disturbed before, fled for ever: a fever ensued; and, in a short period, death terminated her disappointment and her sufferings."

DESCENT OF THE DANUBE, from Ratisbon to Vienna, during the Autumn of 1827. By J. R. Planché, Author of "Lays and Legends of the Rhine," "Oberon," an Opera, &c. 8vo. 1828.

Mr. Planché has long been a favourite with the public. His numerous dramas are among the most popular of the day; and his "Lays of the Rhine" evince poetical talents of a very pleasing description. The work on our table, however, is perhaps of all his productions the best calculated to perpetuate his reputation as an author. Of the Danube, grand and beautiful as is its scenery, we hitherto knew but little. It did not lie in the path of ordinary travellers, who all pursue the same route; and, though the Rhine has been described by innumerable tourists, there was no one able or willing to bring us acquainted with the attractive peculiarities of the "dark rolling Danube," until Mr. Planché compassionately undertook to convince the seekers after continental amusements, that the beaten track was not the most delightful. He describes the towns and castles on

the banks of his favourite river with the minuteness of a road-book; but, at the same time, he has rendered his sketches so entertaining, by the introduction of tales, histories, and legends, that though no traveller on the Danube ought to be without his book, we can assure our fair readers, that few publications have recently appeared better adapted to beguile the tediousness of a summer's hour, than the one we now have great pleasure in recommending to their attention.

AN ESSAY ON ANCIENT COINS, MEDALS, AND GEMS, as illustrating the Progress of Christianity in the Early Ages. By the Rev. R. Walsh, LL.D., M.R.I.A., &c. Author of "A Journey from Constantinople to England." 12mo. 1828.

This volume displays much learning and research, and exhibits some very curious proofs of the difficulties which Christianity had to contend with during the first seven centuries. The illustrations are fac-similes of coins, medals, and gems. The two last belonged to the Gnostics, and the former, with one or two exceptions, to Constantine and his successors.

SEVEN YEARS OF THE KING'S THEATRE. By Mr. Ebers. 8vo. 1828.

Mr. Ebers, some seven years ago, was induced to become proprietor of the King's Theatre; and, after labouring for seven seasons to amuse the town, found himself a—bankrupt. The fashionable world once recognised him; but now he is forgotten. Those who promised him support have not kept their word; and when this work was announced, it was supposed that Mr. Ebers was about taking a kind of literary revenge. The lovers of scandal, however, have been disappointed: the author deals only in harmless anecdotes, and never indulges in descriptions of disreputable affairs, The book, if not very amusing, is at least inoffensive.

THE BRIDE; a Drama. By Joanna Baillie. 8vo. 1828.

The lady to whose pen we owe this drama, has long occupied a distinguished place among the female writers of this age. Her poetical talents have been acknowledged by the first critics of the day; and, if "The Bride" be anything inferior to her former productions, the motives which induced her to write it deserve the utmost commendation. It has been produced with a view to translation into the Cingalese language, as the people of Ceylon are very much attached to theatrical representation. The moral it inculcates is excellent; and the plot is such as may instruct, while it delights, a rude people.

THE MIRROR OF FASHION,

FOR AUGUST, 1828.

CARRIAGE-DRESS.

A DRESS of amber-coloured gros-de-Naples, with pink and white stripes. Two flounces, in bias, surround the border. The sleeves are *à la Marie*, with the fullness confined at intervals by bands of the same silk as the dress. Canezou-pelerine of India muslin trimmed with fine lace; and forming on the shoulders mancherons of very costly broad lace, in five points: the pelerine surmounted by a quadruple ruff of lace. A bonnet of white crape, tied under the chin by a *mentonniere* of blond, and crowned by two plumes of the Bird of Paradise. A slight portion of light blue and yellow riband ornaments the crown. A sash of yellow riband, on which are painted blue spots, encircles the waist, and terminates in two short, broad ends, in front. A parasol of willow-green gros-de-Naples finishes this costume.

DINNER-PARTY DRESS.

OVER a white satin slip, a dress of pink crape, with two flounces at the border, in scallops, worked at the edges, in flat embroidery, with white floize silk. The body made plain, and tight to the shape; the sleeves, short and full, are finished by a blond ruffle round the arm. A broad, falling tucker of blond surrounds the bust. The hair elegantly arranged in curls and bows, amongst which are beautifully intermingled puffings of pink, and of celestial blue gauze ribands. On the right side, in front of the head, is a tiara ornament of gold and pearls. The ear-pendants are very long, and are of valuable pearls. The bracelets are of finely wrought gold. Shoes of white satin complete the dress.

HEAD-DRESS.

THERE has been an interesting alteration effected in the late fashionable head-dress. Part of the braid is brought sufficiently forward to form two or three small rows in front; and if introduced among the light front curls with taste, produce a beautiful effect. The remainder of the braid is arranged in small rows, not high, and interspersed with coloured ribands. There is a novelty in this style that has caused it to be most favourably received.

We are indebted to Mr. Colley, 28, Bishopsgate Within, for this fashionable head-dress.

Carriage & Dinner party Dresses for August 1828

Invented by Miss Pierpont Edward St Portman Sqr

Pub.d August 1. 1828 by James Robins & Co. London & Dublin

GENERAL MONTHLY STATEMENT OF FASHION.

THOUGH balls have now ceased in London, yet the rural dance still prevails in the country, and the advanced season presents us with a variety of costumes, adapted to every time of the day, and suited either to the morning deshabille, the attractive half-dress or home costume, or for the *grande parure*, at evening parties. The watering places now may be said to mark the style of dress, and to give birth to many inventions, as graceful as they are becoming and appropriate.

Dresses of striped batiste are much worn in home costume; the texture of these cheap dresses is light and cool, but the elegance of their patterns, and brilliancy of their summer tints, are greatly improved; and when these dresses are well-made and tastefully trimmed, they form a very pretty home attire for young persons. The expense of evening dress, however, makes up for the economy of the morning; whether in the fine India muslin white gown, richly embroidered, or trimmed with lace, in profusion; and though a simple broad hem often constitutes the sole ornament round the border of a skirt of gros-de-Naples, yet this hem almost requires a double quantity of silk for the dress; the breadth being such, that it approaches as high as the knee.

On coloured crapes are often seen flounces of broad blond, of the most rich and expensive patterns; on gauze, either white or coloured, are broad ornaments at the borders, *bouillonés*, interspersed with embossed satin foliage. When silk gowns are flounced, the flounces are headed in the most beautiful manner, forming separate trefoils; and when the silk is plain, the edges are often splendidly embroidered in white floize silk.

Hats of white chip are ornamented in a very chaste and simple manner, with small bouquets of flowers, consisting of only three flowers grouped together. All the hats and bonnets continue extremely large, but the close bonnets of fancy straw, leghorn, or dunstable, tie down in the cottage style; and though these are also very large, yet they are suitable to the summer, and are refreshing to the eye, which is often annoyed, in more ways than one, by the enormous width of the modern French bonnet. Large puffs of gauze, silk or riband, are more in favour than either feathers or flowers; particularly for walking. The crowns of the new hats are rather low, and the hat is placed very backward, entirely concealing the nape of the neck. Straw bonnets, and those of stampt paper, in imitation of chip or leghorn, have

only a simple riband round the crown, and strings of the same; these bonnets have now succeeded to the heavy, coarse dunstable, which affectation only could ever have adopted. Rose-coloured silk or satin hats, trimmed with white or black blond, prevail much in carriages, morning lounges, and the public walks, and at places in the country of fashionable resort.

Many riding-habits are made of figured merino; but the fine cloth, called European cachemire, is preferred; as it has the singular advantage of never being creased; nor does the rain affect it. Some Ladies copy from their Gallic neighbours, in their equestrian dress, and wear only the skirt of coloured cloth, with a muslin Canezou-spencer, with very wide sleeves. The jacket and petticoat all of one colour and material, is certainly to be preferred.

White muslin Canezou spencers, embroidered, or trimmed with lace, are favourite out-door coverings, over a petticoat of coloured gros-de-Naples. Pelerines, either round, or with long ends, drawn through the sash, double, and superbly worked in feather-stitch, form the sole addition for the promenade, over a dress made partially, or quite high. Silk pelisses, though worn, are not general: they are made very plain, and fasten down the front, or can be worn open, as summer-pelisse robes, over an embroidered muslin petticoat, at pleasure. Half-handkerchiefs of silk, throat-scarfs, and zephyr-scarfs, are in usual favour. Many ladies have endeavoured to bring again in fashion the scarf of double levantine, with richly brocaded ends; but they do not appear to meet with much patronage.

At the summer theatres, and also at the provincial theatres, small caps of blond, trimmed tastefully with ribands and flowers, form a very general *coiffeure* in the dress circles. The head-dresses of hair are beautifully and moderately arranged; neither too high, nor too low. A few flowers, or ornaments similar to the head-dress in our engraving for a dinner dress-party, which is the same style as for the summer evening party, form the most prevailing mode for adorning the tresses of our fair country-women. Dress hats are of white crape or stiffened net; and are sometimes trimmed with coloured gauze ribands: the plumage is generally formed of white ostrich feathers, tipped and edged with the same colour as the riband.

The head-dresses of our matrons, for the evening party, consist much of turbans and *berêts*, blond caps, and fichus, elegantly ornamented with bows of riband, and, very slightly, with a few

flowers in season; but these are mostly of the hedge or the field kind. The turbans are of coloured crape or gauze; over the right temple is some beautiful flower, either indigenous or exotic; and at the back of the crown are branches of lilacs and other flowering shrubs of the spiral kind. One *berét* we remarked as extremely beautiful: the colour was a bright geranium, enlaced with gold, and tastefully ornamented with gold wheat-ears; yet this was disposed with so much lightness and grace, that it had not any appearance of gaudy finery. Some young ladies, who have fine heads of hair, have them arranged in beautiful ringlets, among which are mingled, on the right side, sweet peas, and on the left, branches of small flowers, such as lilies of the valley, white thorn, or mountain ranunculuses.

The colours most in favour, are rose, green, blue, and bright jonquil.

MODES DE PARIS.

SEVERAL bonnets of gros-de-Naples, this summer, are made without any lining, and draw together in the manner of a capote; they are tied with a bow, behind the ear-pendant of the left ear. The bonnets that are trimmed with painted ribands, beautifully shaded on one side, are extremely elegant. A hat of white gros-de-Naples is very much admired, ornamented with clusters of white grapes. A hat of white crape has appeared, with leaves of the sensitive plant fluttering over it; and another of white gros-de-Naples, with three marabout feathers, of celestial blue. Bonnets are much worn at Tivoli, and at the last balls held at St. Cloud, Bellevue, and Anteriel. Some were of leghorn, lined with rose-colour, or blue, with ribands the same colour as the lining. Silk bonnets are often of two colours; one was lately seen of green and blue; ornamented with branches of lilac.

Muslin and chintz dresses, the latter in Persian designs, the former richly embroidered, are favourite materials for young persons at rural balls. The sleeves are all long, very clear, and much puffed out at the upper part of the arm. A lady, at the benefit of a celebrated actress, had on a white dress, of fine India muslin, an embroidery, in imitation of cachemire, of which red was the prevailing colour. A lady was seen, very lately, walking in the Thuilleries, with a dress of Organdy, made very short, embroidered with two rows of blue bells, a sash to correspond, and light blue half-boots of corded silk. The body of the dress was *à la Sevigné*. A dress of gros-de-Naples, white, was seen at the last ball of St. Cloud; the sleeves were *à la Marie*: the corsage

was *à la Grecque*, a pelerine *à la Fiorella;* a sash of gros-de-Indes, on which were painted small bouquets of flowers and birds.

Another dress was of muslin, with narrow stripes *à la musique*. The corsage was *à la Sevigné*, and was of blue gros-de-Naples; the sleeves *à la Marie*. On a simple robe of white muslin has been seen, over a very broad hem, some of the elegant embroidery of Nantz. Other evening dresses are of spotted cot-pali, and some of white gauze, striped with broad brocaded stripes. Some of the sashes worn with such dresses were painted, and trimmed all round with a quilling of narrow tulle.

Canezou spencers, of jaconot muslin, laid in numerous small plaits, with silk petticoats, of some very striking colour, form a favourite dress for the promenade. Pelerines of tulle, lined with some light colour, are also much approved appendages to out-door costume. Pelisses of coloured gingham, embroidered in white, are generally worn in early morning walks. Cravat-scarfs of taffeta are sometimes worn with these *deshabilles;* but many are formed of a bias strip of chintz, bound round with gros-de-Naples. Shawls, or scarfs, of cachemire, are thrown over the shoulder when ladies depart from the ball, or other evening amusements.

Ladies, who are young enough, generally wear their hair, without covering or ornament, beautifully arranged. *Berêts* are much in favour; the hair is dressed chiefly *à la Grecque*, and is sometimes, *en grande parure*, adorned with chains of gold. The weeping-willow feather now, for full dress, is composed of marabouts. This is done by having the ends joined together, so that they appear as large and as long as the original willow feathers. The last time of Kean's performance at the Theatre Favart, there were some very pretty caps remarked in the box belonging to Madame. On dress hats scarcely any riband is seen; cordons of flowers supply their place. The most approved dress hats are of white chip: the puffings of gauze or ribands are in two rows, with very small bouquets of flowers between. When flowers are worn on the hair, they generally consist of jessamine and periwinkles. A wreath, called the gleaner's wreath, is composed of corn and field flowers. There are diadem-wreaths also, wherein are very fully clustered together white periwinkles and bind-weed, of celestial blue.

Colours most in request, are lilac, vine-leaf green, celestial blue, yellow, sea-green, and rose-colour.

THE APOLLONIAN WREATH.

THE FIRE-FLY.

BY SAMUEL ROGERS, ESQ.

THERE is an insect, that, when evening comes,
Small tho' he be and scarce distinguishable,
Like Evening clad in soberest livery,
Unsheaths his wings and thro' the woods and glades
Scatters a marvellous splendour. On he wheels,
Blazing by fits as from excess of joy,
Each gush of light a gush of ecstacy;
Nor unaccompanied; thousands that fling
A radiance all their own, not of the day,
Thousands as bright as he, from dusk till dawn,
Soaring, descending.

In the mother's lap
Well may the child put forth his little hands,
Singing the nursery-song he learnt so soon;
And the young nymph, preparing for the dance
By brook or fountain-side, in many a braid
Wreathing her golden hair, well may she cry,
"Come hither; and the shepherds, gathering round,
Shall say, Floretta emulates the Night,
Spangling her head with stars."

Oft have I met
This shining race, when in the Tusculan groves
My path no longer glimmered; oft among
Those trees, religious once and always green,
That yet dream out their stories of old Rome
Over the Alban lake, oft met and hailed,
Where the precipitate Anio thunders down,
And thro' the surging mist a poet's house
(So some aver, and who would not believe?)
Reveals itself.

Yet cannot I forget
Him, who rejoiced me in those walks at eve,

My earliest, pleasantest; who dwells unseen,
And in our northern clime, when all is still,
Nightly keeps watch, nightly in bush or brake
His lonely lamp rekindling.* Unlike theirs,
His, if less dazzling, thro' the darkness knows
No intermission; sending forth its ray
Thro' the green leaves, a ray serene and clear
As Virtue's own.

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY.

Go, Beauty, mark that pallid cheek,
The rose of life has fled to-day;
That cold white lip, like thine, could speak,
Like thine could breathe the melting lay.

But yesterday, her eye, her smile,
Was sweet as thine, her heart as gay—
Fair fleeting flower, she bloomed awhile,
Then drooped, then sick'ning, died away.

And here she lies! for ever set
Those orbs which, sun-like, beamed just now—
They'll shine no more—her locks of jet
Hang coldly o'er her ivory brow.

Appalled, yet fixed, I stand, I gaze,
For still the flow'r, though fall'n, is fair:
No sigh, no tear, the heart can raise,
Pressed 'neath a load of smothering care!

Yes, Beauty, mark thy pictured fate,
'Twill strike thee with an holy dread:—
Go, mark how lone, how desolate,
How calm, yet awful, looks the dead!

Go—view thy faithful mirror there,
Nor flattering 'tis, nor false to thee—
Reflecting not thy form so fair,
But what that form shall shortly be!

CHARLES M——.

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* The glow-worm.

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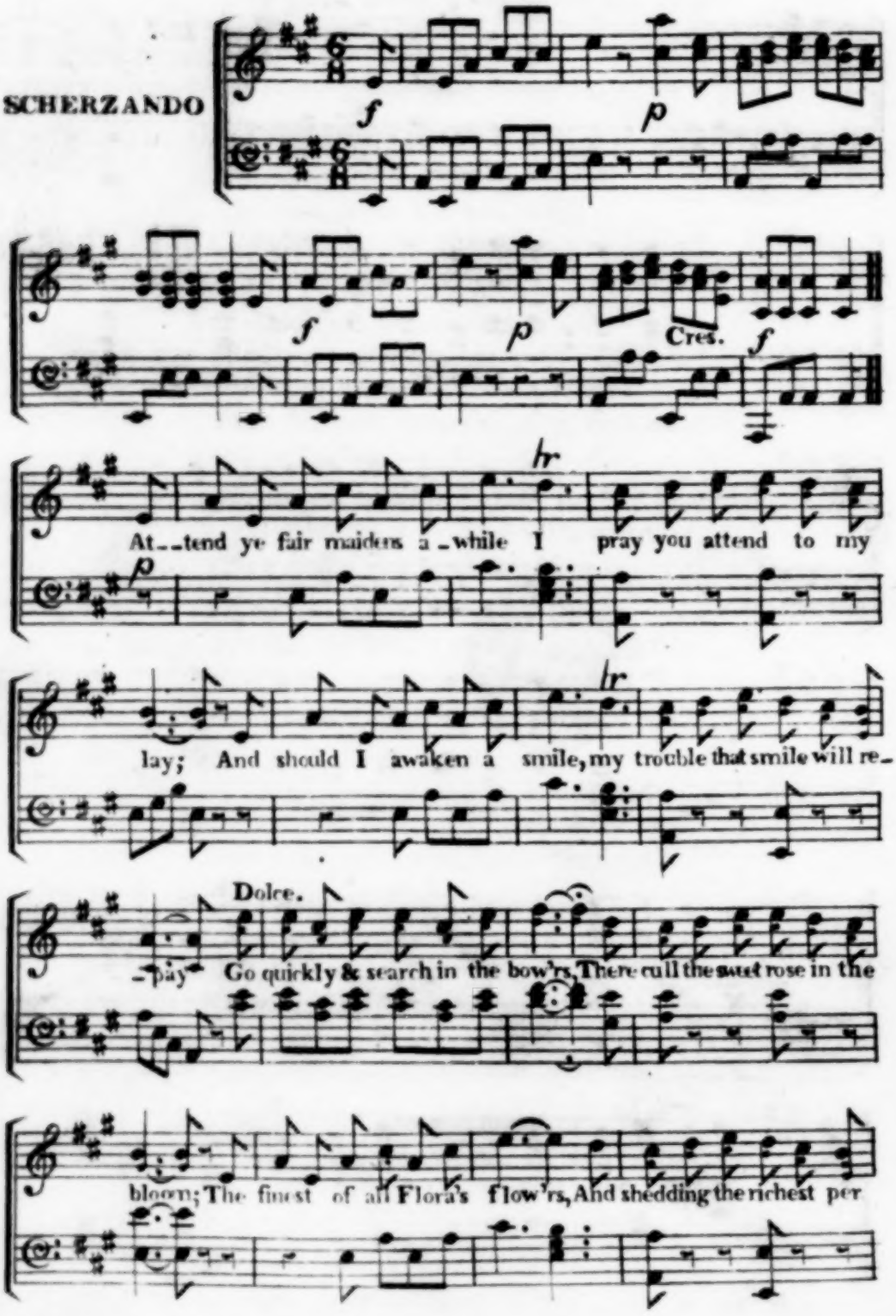
ATTEND YE FAIR MAIDENS.

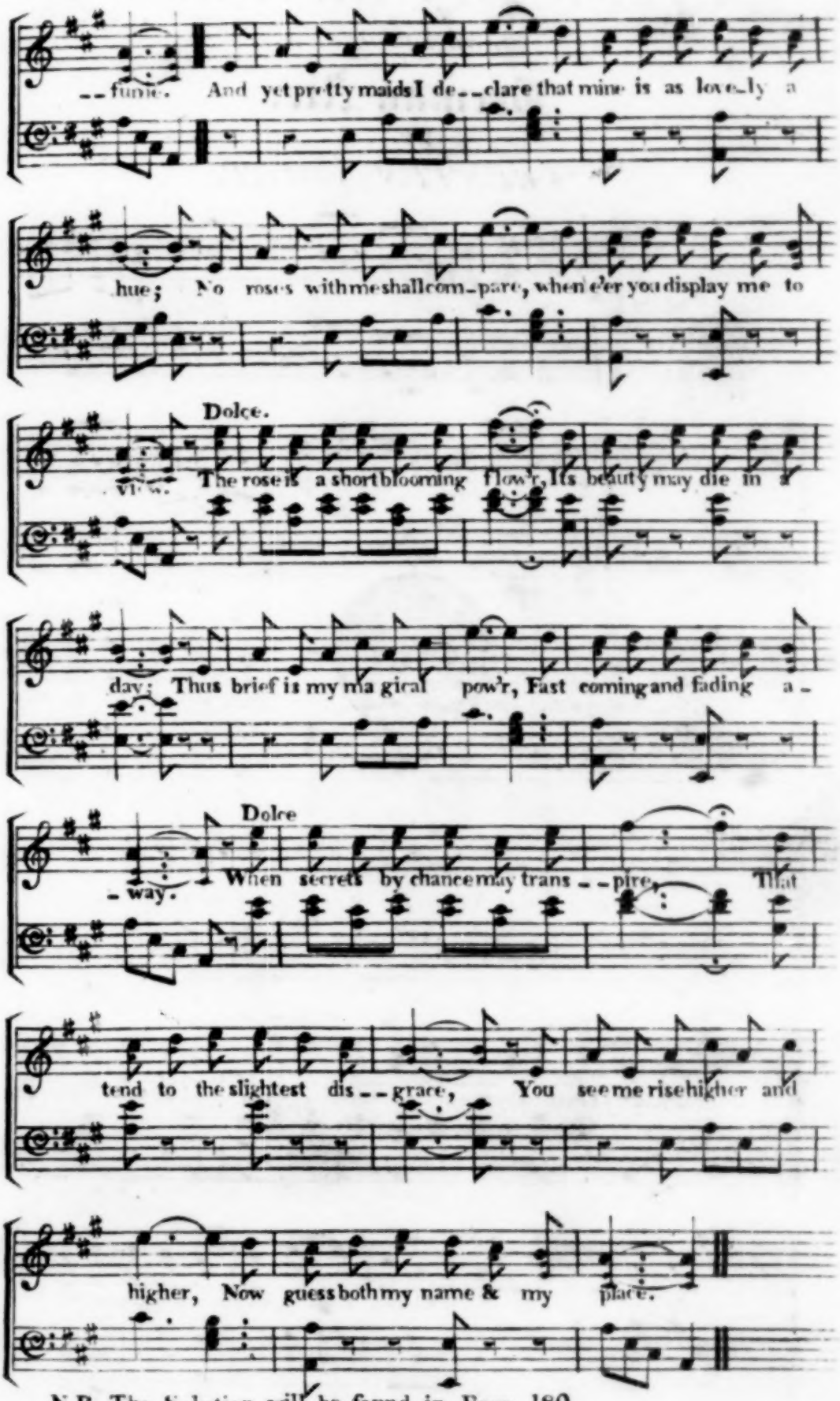
an Imitation of a

German Air,

by

AUGUSTUS VOIGT.





N.B. The Solution will be found in Page 180.

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THE FESTIVAL OF THE ROSE.